

ST. NICHOLAS.

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JUNE.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

O JUNE ! delicious month of June !
When winds and birds all sing in tune ;
When in the meadows swarm the bees
And hum their drowsy melodies
While pillaging the buttercup,
To store the golden honey up ;
O June ! the month of bluest skies,
Dear to the pilgrim butterflies,
Who seem gay-colored leaves astray,
Blown down the tides of amber day ;
O June ! the month of merry song,
Of shadow brief, of sunshine long ;
All things on earth love you the best,—
The bird who carols near his nest ;
The wind that wakes and, singing, blows
The spicy perfume of the rose ;
And bee, who sounds his muffled horn
To celebrate the dewy morn ;
And even all the stars above
At night are happier for love,
As if the mellow notes of mirth
Were wafted to them from the earth.
O June ! such music haunts your name ;
With you the summer's chorus came !

KING LONDON.

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" SERIES—NINTH PAPER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IN the visit which we are about to make to the largest and richest civilized city in the world, I will mention at the outset that if any one were to undertake to walk one way only through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.

There are many other things of this kind which I might tell you, and which would help to give you an idea of the vastness and wealth of this great

center of the world's commerce, into whose port twenty thousand vessels enter annually; while land is so valuable that a single acre of it has been sold for four and a half million dollars. But we must now proceed to see London for ourselves; and we shall begin at the great church of St. Paul's, which is in one of the most busy and crowded portions of the city.

I must say here that a particular portion of London is known as "the City." Although it is comparatively but a small part of the metropolis, it is the center of business, and contains the great mercantile houses, the Bank of England, the Exchange, the General Post-Office, the courts of justice, the great newspaper offices, and the famous London Docks. "The City" is presided over by the Lord Mayor, that personage of whom you have read so much, and who has nothing at all to do with the rest of London.

In the midst of this busy, noisy, and crowded section stands St. Paul's, with its dome high above everything. When it was new and its marble was white, this church must have been very handsome, viewed from the outside; but now it is a dingy gray, and in some places quite black, on account of the coal-smoke which is continually settling down upon London, making it the grimmest, dingiest city in the world. It is everywhere the same. The splendid white marble buildings are now gray and black; the bricks of which most of the houses are built are generally the color of an old ham; and if you see a bright or fresh-looking house in London, you may be sure that it has very recently been painted or built. If you want to know the reason of this, we will go up to the top of the dome of St. Paul's, from which we can look down upon a great part of London.

As we gaze upon the vast city stretching out far on every side, one of the first things which will attract our attention will be the amazing number of chimney-pots which stand up from the roof of every building, large and small. There seem to be millions of them, some earthenware and some iron, some of one shape and some of another, some twisted, and some straight; but three or four, and often more, on every chimney. From all these chimney-pots, during cold or cool weather, and from a great many of them during the whole of the year, rise up little curls or big curls of the dark

heavy smoke which comes from the soft coal generally burned in London. This smoke, which is often filled with little specks of soot, rises a short distance into the air and then gently settles down to blacken and begrime the city.

At certain seasons, when the air is heavy with moisture, this smoke helps to form a fog quite different from those to which people in other cities are accustomed. It is so thick and dark



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SEEN OVER THE ROOFS OF NEIGHBORING HOUSES.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON. (FRONT VIEW.)

run into one another; the street lamps shed a sickly light for only a yard or two around; windows are closed and houses are lighted at midday as if it were midnight; and until the fog rises, the out-door life of London comes very nearly to a full stop. To see one of these fogs may do very well for a novelty, but we shall try not to be in London at the season when they generally occur, which is late autumn and winter.

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world; and when we get inside of it and stand under the great dome, we shall be apt to think that it is a bare-looking place, and rather too big. It is adorned with a great many fine groups of statuary in memory of English soldiers and heroes; but these do not help much to brighten up its cold and dull interior. St. Peter's at Rome is twice as large, but is a much more cheerful place.

It seems rather odd to come to a churchyard to buy things, but St. Paul's Churchyard is one of the great resorts of London shoppers. It is not now really a churchyard, but is a street which runs entirely around the great church, and is filled with shops. Here

that the day seems like night. People can not find their way in the streets; vehicles must stand still or we can stroll among the crowds of people on the sidewalk, and on one side look upon windows

filled with everything that any one would want to buy, and on the other side gaze up at the magnificent cathedral which is the pride of London.

It will interest us very much in going about London to meet with many streets and places which, although we now see them for the first time, seem to us like old acquaintances. From one corner of St. Paul's Churchyard is the lively street called Cheapside, from which John Gilpin started on his famous ride.

From the front of St. Paul's runs the street called Ludgate Hill, just as busy as it can be, and crowded

of the Lord Mayor. Even now, Queen Victoria does not pass the monument which stands in the place of the old Temple Bar without the formal consent of the Lord Mayor.

Near this place rises the magnificent building recently erected for the London Law Courts. It covers a whole block, and, with its towers and turrets and peaked roofs, resembles a vast Norman castle.

We now find ourselves in that street, well known to readers of English books, called the Strand, where the shops, the people, and the



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE LONDON LAW COURTS.

with omnibuses, cabs, wagons, and people. A little farther on, this same street becomes Fleet Street, where we find many book shops and printing establishments, which always make us think of Dr. Johnson, because he was so fond of this street. Near it he wrote his great dictionary, and lived and died. At the end of Fleet Street used to stand Temple Bar, which was an archway across the street, ornamented with iron spikes on which the heads of executed traitors used to be stuck. This celebrated gateway was one of the entrances to the city, and the King of England had no right to go through it unless he had permission

omnibuses seem to increase in number. Here we shall see in the windows all manner of useful things; and, indeed, in our rambles through London we shall discover that, although there are many shop-windows filled with ornamental objects, the commodities offered for sale are generally things of real use,—to wear, to travel with, to eat, to read, or to make of some manner of use. In Paris there are many more beautiful objects, but they do not so much seem to be the things we really need. The Strand ends at Charing Cross, where we may see a model of an old-time cross which used to stand here. Charing Cross is one

of the great centers of London life. It seems as if most of the citizens make it their business to come here at least once a day. Several lines of omnibuses start from this point; here are a great railway station and an immense hotel; little streets and big streets run off in every direction; cabs, men, boys, women, and wagons do the same thing; and it would be almost impossible to cross from one side to the other, were it not for a little curbed space like an island in the middle of the street, on which we can rest when we get half way over, and wait for a chance to cross the other half of the street. Nearly all the crowded streets of London, as well as those of Paris, are provided with these little central refuges for foot-passengers. All the vehicles going up the street pass on one side of these islands, while those going down pass on the other; so that we only have to look in one direction for horses' heads when we are actually in the street. But we must remember that in England the law obliges vehicles to keep to the left, while in France they turn to the right, as with us.

Close to Charing Cross is Trafalgar Square, a fine open space with a fountain, and a column to Lord Nelson; and facing this square we see the pillars and the portico of the National Gallery. The admirable collection of paintings in this building is not nearly so large as those we have seen in Paris and Italy; but it will greatly interest us in two ways. It will not only be refreshing to see pictures by English painters on English subjects, as well as many very fine paintings by Continental masters, but we shall be surprised, and very much pleased, continually to meet with the originals of engravings on steel and wood with which we have been familiar all our lives. Here are Landseer's dogs and horses, the children of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie's village scenes, and many other paintings which we shall recognize the moment our eyes fall upon them.

Returning across Trafalgar Square, we continue our walk, and find that the Strand is now changed into a broad street, called Whitehall, in which are situated many of the governmental and public offices, such as the Treasury, the War Office, and so on. One of these buildings belongs to the Horse Guards, a very fine body of English cavalry, and here we shall see something interesting. On each side of a broad gateway is a little house, or shed, with its front entirely open to the sidewalk; and in each of these houses is a soldier on horseback. This soldier is dressed in a splendid scarlet coat, a steel helmet with a long plume, and high-topped boots. The horse is coal-black, which is the regulation color of the Horse Guards' horses. The peculiarity of this pair of men and horses is that, while they are stationed here on

guard, they never move; the man sits as if he were carved in stone; and although I have no doubt he winks, he does it so that nobody notices it, while the horse is almost as motionless as one of the bronze horses of St. Mark's in Venice. He neither switches his tail, nods his head, nor stamps his feet. He has been trained to do nothing but think while he stands in this little house, and that is all he does. Nearly all visitors to London come to see these two statue-like men and horses at the entrance to the Horse Guards. At certain hours these soldiers are relieved and their places supplied by others, and there is generally a little crowd assembled to witness this maneuver. A tall sergeant comes out into the street, turns around, and faces the two horsemen. At his word of command, each soldier rides out of his little house, then they turn around squarely and ride toward each other, then they turn again, and side by side ride through the gate into the courtyard. It now appears as if they have works inside of them and are moved by machinery, so exactly do they keep time with each other in every motion. At the word of command they stop, each man lifts up his right leg, throws it over the back of his horse, and drops it to the ground so that the two boots tap the pavement at the same instant. Then each left foot is drawn from the stirrup, and each man stands up and leads away his horse, while two other guardsmen come out to take their places in the little houses, and stand motionless for a time.

Continuing on our course, we find that Whitehall is changed to Parliament street, and leads us to Westminster Abbey and the splendid Houses of Parliament, on the river bank. We all have heard so much of Westminster Abbey, that grand old burial-place of Englishmen of fame, that it will scarcely strike us as entirely novel; but I doubt if any of us have formed an idea of the lofty beauty of its pillars and arched ceiling, and the extent and number of its recesses and chapels crowded with monuments and relics of the past.

Of course, we shall go first to the Poets' Corner, where so many literary men lie buried, and where there are so many monuments to those who are buried elsewhere. Among these we shall be glad to see the bust of our own Longfellow, the only person not an Englishman who has a monument here. We shall spend hours in Westminster Abbey and in its chapels, where there are so many interesting memorials and tombs of old-time kings and queens, knights and crusaders; and then, having made up our minds that on the very next Sunday we will come here to church, we shall go out of a side door into a queer little street, where, in a secluded corner, are some quaint little houses



THE NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

with the names of "Mr. John This," and "Mr. Thomas That," and "Mr. George The-other-thing" on their front gates; and, after walking a short distance, we shall find ourselves at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament.

It is only on Saturdays that these great buildings can be visited, and then we must have permits from the Lord Chamberlain, whose office is around a corner of the edifice. We can wander

as we please through all the public parts of the building, for Parliament is never in session on Saturdays, and we shall see splendid and handsome halls and corridors, including the Queen's robing-room, with her throne on one side of it, although she seldom or never sits there, and the magnificent House of Lords, with three thrones at one end of it, which were originally intended for the Queen, her husband, Prince Albert, and her oldest son, the Prince of Wales. There are many more halls and apartments, all magnificently fitted up and adorned with rich carvings and paintings, making this a wonderfully grand and imposing building. We shall be surprised, however, when we see the room intended for the House of Commons, the real governing power of England. In these immense Houses of Parliament, covering eight acres, and containing eleven hundred rooms and apartments, there is for the House of

Commons only a room so small that, when all the members are present, there is not accommodation for them on the main floor, and many of them have to stow themselves away in the gallery or wherever they can find room. Adjoining this magnificent building, and now really a part of it, is the famous old Westminster Hall, a vast chamber capable of holding a dozen Houses of Commons. This great hall was built in its present form by Richard II.

Here the English Parliament used to meet, and here state trials were held. Among the persons condemned to death in this room were Charles I., William Wallace, the Scotch hero, and Guy Fawkes. The lofty roof, formed of dark oaken beams, is very peculiar, and in construction is one of the finest roofs of its kind in the world.

When we leave here, we shall go out on one of the bridges across the Thames, and get a view of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, with the great Victoria Tower at one end, and at the other the Clock Tower, with four clock faces, each of which is twenty-three feet in diameter; so that people do not have to go very close to see what time it is. The large bell in this tower weighs thirteen tons; and it requires five hours to wind up the striking part of the clock.

We are now in the western part of London, which is the fashionable quarter, where the lords and ladies, and the rich and grand people live, and where the shops are finer, the people better dressed, and where there are more private carriages than business wagons. Among the fine streets here are Pall Mall (pronounced *Pell Mell*), where we see on either side of the street large and handsome buildings belonging to the London clubs; and Piccadilly, full of grand shops, leading to the famous Hyde Park. London gentlemen consider a walk down Piccadilly one of the pleasantest things they can do, and there are people who think that there is not in the

world a street so attractive as this. It is certainly a pleasant promenade; and for a great part of its length we have on one side the beautiful trees and grass of Green Park, at the farther side of which stands Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Hyde Park, with the adjoining Kensington Gardens, is a very large inclosure with drives, grassy lawns, and fine trees, and with a pretty river running through it. Near Hyde Park Corner, where we enter, are some magnificent residences, among which is Apsley House, belonging to the Duke of

is called the "London season." The carriages, which are generally open, with spirited horses, and liveried coachmen, some of whom wear powdered wigs, drive up one side of the roadway and down the other, keeping as close to one another as they can get, and forming a great moving mass, which



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Wellington. One of the roads in Hyde Park is called Rotten Row, and is devoted entirely to horseback riding. There is nothing decayed about this Row, and it is said that the place used to be called *Route du Roi*, the Road of the King, and it has gradually been corrupted into Rotten Row.

There are many proper names which the English people pronounce very differently from the way in which they are spelled: St. John, for instance, is pronounced Singe-on, Beauchamp is Beecham; and when they wish to mention the name Cholmondeley, they say Chumley, while Sevenoaks has become Snooks.

From twelve to two o'clock we may see Rotten Row filled with lady and gentlemen riders, trotting or galloping up and down. But the finest sight of Hyde Park begins about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the carriages of the nobility and gentry fill the long drive on the south side of the Park. There is no place in the world where we can see so many fine horses and carriages, so much fashion, so much wealth, and so much aristocracy, in a comparatively small space, as in Hyde Park, between five and seven o'clock in the afternoon, during what

it is very pleasant to gaze upon. Along the sidewalks are long rows of chairs which can be hired, those with arms for four cents, and those without arms for two; and on these it is the delight of the London people to sit and watch the show of handsome equipages, beautiful dresses, and high-born faces. No cabs or public vehicles are allowed on this drive, which is entirely devoted to private carriages.

When we go out of Hyde Park at its northeast corner, we enter Oxford street, a wide and busy thoroughfare, crowded with every kind of vehicle and all sorts of foot-passengers. Crossing this is Regent street, the most fashionable shopping-street in London, where we find the finest stores, and the handsomest displays in the windows. This street is very wide, and the houses on each side are nearly all of the same color, a pale yellow, and are probably painted every year to keep them fresh.

We are now going back toward the city, and, continuing through the lively scenes of Oxford street, we perceive that after a time this great thoroughfare changes into High Holborn; and

we may remember what Thomas Hood had to say about a lost child in this street, when he wrote:

"One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood."

Then the street becomes Holborn Viaduct, where, for about a quarter of a mile, it is built up high across a deep depression in the city, making a level line of street where there used to be two steep hills. At one point there is a bridge where we can look over the railing and see portions of the city spread out below us. At one end of this viaduct is the old church of St. Sepulchre, where lies buried Captain John Smith, who, we will remember, would probably have been buried in Virginia, had it not been for the kindly intervention of Pocahontas. And at the other end is the famous prison of Newgate. Daniel Defoe,—author of Robinson Crusoe,—Jack Sheppard, and William Penn were imprisoned in Newgate; but the building

ing any hats, winter or summer, are frequently to be met with in the picture-galleries and other public places in London. It is now the intention of the managers of this school to move it into the country.

In the very heart of the city, where we now are, stands the great Bank of England. This building, with one of its sides on Threadneedle street, covers about four acres, but is only one story high. It has no windows on the outside, through which thieves might get in from the street, and light and air are supplied by windows opening on inside courts. This is one of the richest banks in the world; its vaults often contain as much as a hundred million dollars in gold, and every night a small detachment of soldiers from some regiment stationed in the city is quartered here to protect its treasures. Each of the men receives a small sum from the bank, and the officer in command is provided with a dinner for himself and any two friends he may choose to invite. But at a certain hour the head-



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

has been a great deal altered since their times. The street here is called Newgate Street, and before very long it merges into Cheapside, and we find ourselves at the point from which we started. Not far from Newgate is a much more cheerful place, of which you all have read in ST. NICHOLAS. This is Christ's Hospital, the home of the Blue Coat Boys, who, with their long coats, knee-breeches, and yellow stockings, and never wear-



watchman of the bank comes around with the great keys, to lock up the outer door with ceremonies that have been observed for generations, and the two friends must leave, whether they are ready to go or not.

Opposite the Bank is the Mansion House, the

stately edifice in which the Lord Mayor lives. Near by is the Royal Exchange, with a grand portico, and a tall tower, on the top of which is a great

through London as the Seine does through Paris, stands the ancient and far-famed Tower of London. This is not by any means a single tower,



THE HEADSMAN, TOWER OF LONDON.

golden grasshopper, which some people may think is intended to mean that the money made by the hundreds and thousands of business-men who crowd here during certain hours will skip away from them if they are not careful; in reality it is the crest of the original builder of the Exchange. In this neighborhood also is the General Post-Office, and the great Telegraph Building.

A good deal farther eastward than these, and on the bank of the River Thames, which runs

there had been no way of cutting off people's heads, or of otherwise putting an end to them, a great deal of the history of the world would never have been written. In another tower, where it is said Henry VI. was murdered, we shall see the crown jewels, or regalia, of England, which are here for safe-keeping. They are in a great glass case surrounded by a strong iron-barred cage, through which a thief, even if he could get over the Tower walls and through its guards, would find it hard

but is a collection of strongly fortified buildings surrounded by a high and massive wall, and is a veritable castle, or fortress, of the olden time, standing here in the crowded and busy London of to-day. We shall wander for a long time through this gloomy old fortress and prison, now used as an arsenal and barracks for soldiers. Most of the ancient buildings, towers, and walls are still just as they used to be. Here we shall see the Bloody Tower, in which the two princes were murdered by Richard III.; the great central White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, and now containing a museum of old-time armor and weapons, where we may also see many wooden figures of mounted men clad in the very armor worn long ago by knights and kings. In another tower, the Beauchamp Tower, we shall enter the prison-chamber in which many of the great people of England were confined, and we can read the inscriptions written by them on the walls. In the corner of the inclosure is a little chapel, which differs from every other church, in containing the graves of so many famous be-headed people. Among these are Queen Anne Boleyn; Lady Jane Grey, and her husband; Queen Elizabeth's friend, the Earl of Essex; and others with whose names we are very familiar in English history. If

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to break. In this case we see golden crowns, scepters, swords, and crosses, covered with magnificent jewels of every kind, besides many other dazzling and costly objects. On Queen Victoria's state crown are no less than two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds, and in front is the great ruby, said to have belonged to the Black Prince, which Henry V., who liked to make a gorgeous appearance on great occasions, wore on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

Standing about in various places in the Tower grounds we shall meet with some of the warders, called "beef-eaters," which is an English corruption of the French *buffetiers*, or royal waiters. These men are dressed in mediæval costume, and carry tall halberds, or spears. In olden times, one of these was the headsman and bore a great axe.

Not far from the Tower are the great London Docks, which are not upon the river, but are inland water-inclosures of more than a hundred acres in extent, surrounded by great warehouses. In these docks three hundred large vessels can lie; and in the warehouses, and in the immense vaults beneath them, are stored so vast quantities of goods,—tea, silks, tobacco, coffee, sugar, wine, and everything that can be brought from foreign lands,—that there seems to be no end or limit to them. A visit to these docks as well as to the West India Docks, which are still larger, and to several others in this quarter of London, will help to give us an idea of the enormous commerce and wealth of the great metropolis.

Among the sights of London is the British Museum, which is one of the most extensive and valuable libraries and museums in the world. There are more than a million books here; as well as collections of Grecian, Assyrian, and Egyptian marbles, statuary, and inscriptions; with curiosities, antique and modern; and scientific and other interesting objects, in number like the leaves upon a tree. If

any of my companions wish to examine every object there is in the British Museum, they must give up the rest of London.

Another collection, almost as large, and more interesting to many persons, is the South Kensington Museum.

This museum is mostly devoted to objects of art, and contains both ancient and modern specimens of architecture, paintings, statues, beautiful pottery of every kind, and enough things worth looking at and studying to tire out the legs



"BEEF-EATERS," OR WARDERS, OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

and brains of any human being who should try to see them all at one time.

In Regent's Park, a large inclosure to the north

of Hyde Park, are the Zoölogical Gardens, which are in many respects more interesting than those of Paris, and are very admirably arranged for the convenience both of the visitors and of the animals. Here the animals have more room to move about than is usual in menageries. There are elephants and camels which carry ladies and children up and down the grounds; and we shall see some fine

of him, dressed in the same kind of clothes he wears, is set up in this gallery, among the crowd of kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, and criminals already here. Here is a figure of Cobbett, the English politician, sitting upon one of the long benches placed for the accommodation of visitors. By means of machinery inside of him, his head every now and then moves quickly to one side, as



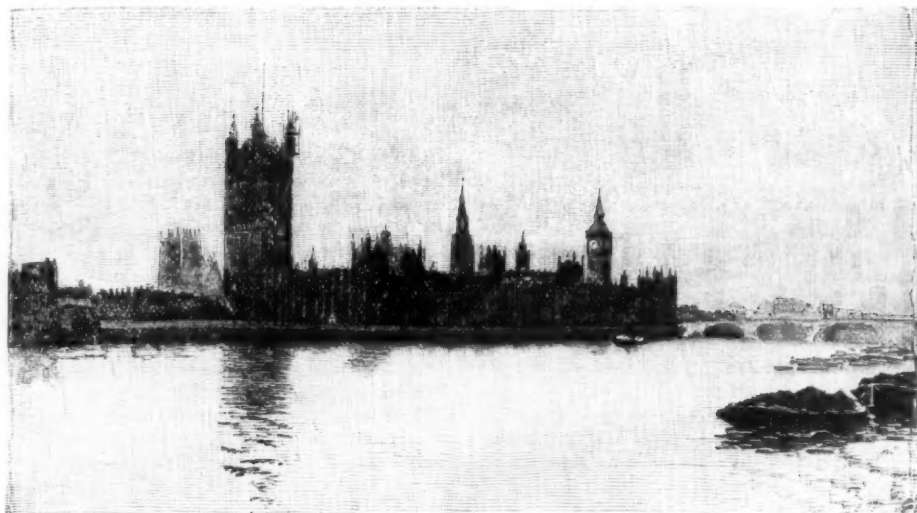
PART OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Bengal tigers, belonging to the Prince of Wales, in a great open-air inclosure so large that they almost seem to be at liberty, and they walk about and bound over trunks of trees as if they were in their Indian homes. At feeding-time, which is in the afternoon, this whole place is in a state of rampage, the animals requiring no dinner-bell to let them know what time it is.

Another interesting place, where the creatures require no food and are not at all dangerous, is Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Show. Here we shall see life-size figures of famous men and women from all parts of the world,—Richard the Lion-hearted, President Lincoln, Queen Elizabeth, Ceta-wayo, Gladstone, and Guiteau, and many other well-known people. Whenever a person does anything that makes him famous, a wax-portrait figure

if he were looking around to see who is there. He is a large man, of benevolent appearance, wearing a broad-brimmed hat like a Quaker's, and it is considered a very good joke when some visitor, thinking him a real man, sits down by him, and is startled at the sudden turn of his head. This is a great London resort, for nearly everybody wants to know how eminent people look, and what kind of clothes they wear.

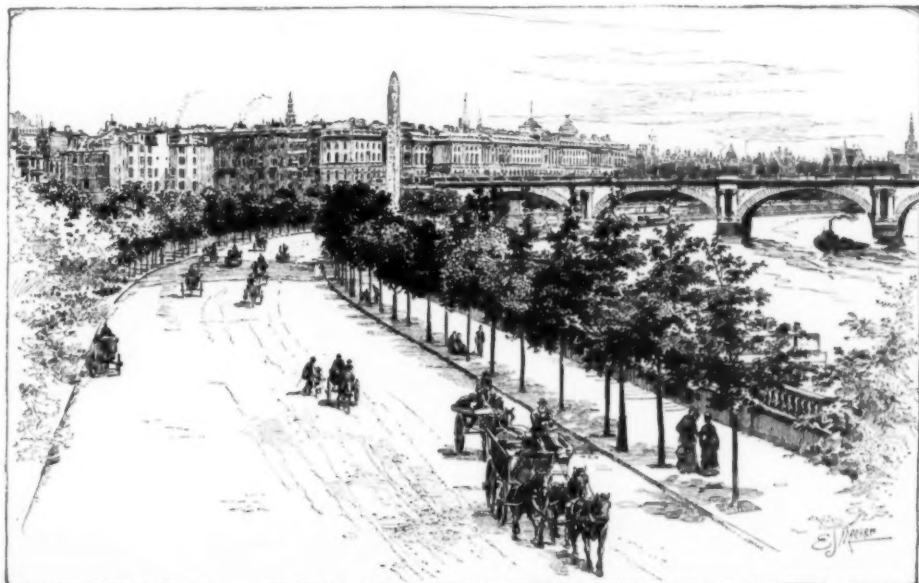
We must also visit the great London markets, one of which, called Covent Garden, is devoted to vegetables, fruit, and flowers; and these are brought in so vast numbers, and there are so lively scenes among the crowds of purchasers, that many strangers, who have no idea of buying, come here in the early mornings simply to witness the spectacle. There is also Smithfield Market, a build-



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ing covering three and a half acres, with a garden and fountain in the center, where we see exposed for sale the meat of oxen, calves, hogs, and sheep. In the Billingsgate Market we see fish in such quantities that we can scarcely imagine how a

city which eats so much fish can possibly want any meat. Leadenhall Market is given up entirely to poultry and game; while another of the many London markets is devoted in great part to the sale of water-cresses. Near Smithfield



THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

Market is the old market-place where many famous persons were burned at the stake.

While we are in this part of the town, we must stop for a time at the Guildhall, the ancient Town Hall of London, where there is a museum of curious things connected with old London, and where we may still see the queer wooden giants, Gog and Magog.

Leaving the noisy city, and the crowded business portions of London, it is a great relief to take a hansom cab, open in front, with a driver sitting out of our sight behind, and to roll swiftly over the smooth streets of the West End, as it is called, where the rich and fashionable people live. Here we find a great many "squares," which are little inclosed parks with streets and dwelling-houses all around them; and farther to the west we come to long streets and avenues, where the houses have front gardens, and often back gardens, and where everything is as quiet, and almost as rural, as in a country village. Here, if we do not know London, we may think that we are in the suburbs, and that we need not go far to get into the country; but, if we turn up a side street, and go a block or two, we shall come upon a long, noisy business street, crowded with people, vehicles, and shops, and find ourselves in another of the great business quarters of London. To get out of London and London life is not easy, and after strolling for hours we still see London stretching out before us, as if it would say, "Here I am, and if you want to see the end of me, you must walk a long, long way yet."

There are many places outside of London to which we must certainly go, and one of these is the Crystal Palace. In this great glass building we may see miles of interesting things connected with architecture, art, and nature. Theatrical performances also are given here, and concerts, and sometimes grand shows of fireworks.

Then there is Hampton Court, an old palace built by Cardinal Wolsey, with very beautiful grounds and garden, laid out in the old-fashioned style. There we may wander in the walks and

under the trees where "bluff King Hal" and, later, Charles I. wandered with their courtiers.

At Windsor Castle, the residence of Queen Victoria, we shall spend a day; and, although the Queen may not be likely to ask us in, we shall see a great deal of the magnificent building in which the sovereigns of England, from as far back as Edward III., have lived. Those who have read in St. NICHOLAS Mrs. Oliphant's account of Windsor will be particularly interested here.

Then we must go to Richmond, a charming village on the Thames, where all London people go, and where there is a beautiful park and view.

We may also visit Greenwich, at longitude nothing, of which we have also read in our magazine, and go to the celebrated Kew Gardens, full of rare and beautiful trees and plants and flowers.

The Victoria Embankment is a magnificent roadway extending along the banks of the Thames, from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, more than a mile. It is built over a low shore which used to be covered by water twice every day at high tide. This great work consists of a wide roadway with handsome walks on either side, and is shaded by trees and embellished with statues. In some places there are gardens on it, and here stands a handsome obelisk which was brought from Egypt. The Embankment cost ten millions of dollars, and under it are tunnels, through one of which runs one of the underground railways of London.

On the other side of the river is another roadway of the same kind, not so long, called the Albert Embankment. The first of these is often called the Thames Embankment.

And now, my dear boys and girls, do you suppose that we have seen all London? You may have an idea of it, but I could take you about for a week or two more and show you interesting places and things which we have not yet seen. But we have done as much as we can at present; and, strapping our valises and locking our trunks, we shall bid good-bye to great King London.

SHORTENING THE BABY.

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

OUR baby now is four months old,
A bonnie boy, with hair like gold;
And his long clothes are put away—
For Mother shortened him to-day.

He has the loveliest of frocks,
All trimmed with lace, and two pink socks
That Father bought, the best by far
And prettiest in the whole bazar.

And now the rogue can kick about;
His little feet go in and out
As though they could not rest, and he
Is just as happy as can be.

Besides, he feels quite proud to-day
With all his long clothes put away,
And dressed so fine! And then, you know,
We praise the boy, and love him so!

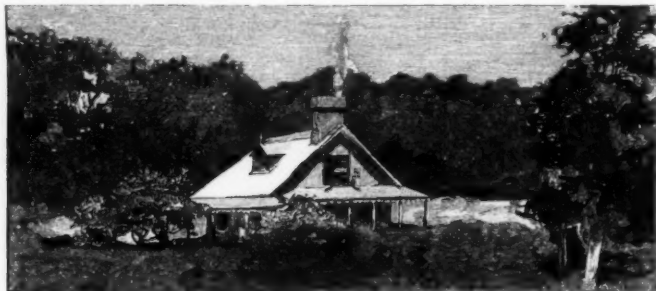
His grandmamma must see him soon;
We all will go this afternoon,
And take the pet, and stay for tea,—
And what a riot there will be!

At first, perhaps, she may not know
The baby, he has dwindled so;
But let her guess, and do not say
That Mother shortened him to-day!



There was once an Absurd Alligator,
Who wanted to serve as head-waiter,
And was greatly enraged
When they said they'd engaged
One whose outward attractions were greater.





ELIZABETH'S CONCERT.

BY ROBINA S. SMITH.

CHAPTER I.



ARE you going to use those yellow pieces of paper Papa just gave to you, Mamma? May I have one for my doll's dress?"

"Not for your dollie, Flora; but you may look at them. They are tickets to a concert. Papa and I are going to Brunswick to-night."

Flora turned the yellow tickets over and over. She thought of the one beautiful concert she had listened to the year before, when her father took her to town in the afternoon. She remembered the big drum, the men with red cheeks blowing the trumpets, and the man who rang the tiny bells.

Flora was a very enthusiastic little girl over music. Many an evening, when the cool western breeze wafted the strains of music from the village band up to their little cottage on the hill-top, Flora would leave the circle of frolicking brothers and sisters, and climb upon the large stuffed box under the western window. Resting both elbows on the sill and her chin in her hands, she would listen with delight to the gay tunes.

At the word "concert," a great many thoughts went through Flora's excited little brain. With bright eyes, and an earnest spot deepening on her

forehead, she returned the tickets to her mother, and cried out:

"Oh, may I go, too? I will take a nap this afternoon, so as not to be sleepy!"

"Oh, no, Flora dear! This will be in the night, and little eyes must be shut up tight then. Wait until you are older, then you may go. We must leave before supper; but remember, this is sister Elizabeth's night to come home. You can help Lily set the table to welcome her."

Just then, little Ben came running in from the lawn with his hands full of buttercups. He pulled at Flora's apron, and, holding a bunch of yellow blossoms under his rosy little chin, cried:

"See me like butter! Now you like butter!"

"Oh, what a yellow chin, Benny! And is blue-eyed grass open, too? Where did you find them?"

"Come and see!" answered Ben, scampering off out the door.

Flora, forgetful of her disappointment, ran after him; and the two waded through the green field after the flowers, the tall grass reaching to Flora's belt, while the daisies and buttercups kissed little Ben's forehead, as, with arms stretched upward and stumbling little feet, he plowed through the grass in front of his sister.

Elizabeth, who came home from the academy on Friday afternoons, arrived just at supper time. She was greeted with shouts of welcome, and the information that Papa and Mamma had gone to a concert.

After supper, the children gathered around their sister on the doorstep. Friday evening was always a grand time with them. They followed Elizabeth about, wherever she went, to make up for lost time during the week.

"Now, who will get me some buttercups and daisies?" said Elizabeth. "Bring a whole bunch of them, and some of that fine, long grass, and I will make some pretty wreaths."

The flowers were soon piled in her lap, and her ready fingers were weaving crowns for each little head. With eager eyes following the pretty work, the children were quiet for a while, till Flora spoke of the concert again.

"Mamma says I can go when I get older."

"So can I," chirped Ben.

Fred and Lily said they did n't care for the concert. When they were older they were "going on a shipwreck," and "land on a desert island."

"We have been playing it this afternoon, Elizabeth, and it's splendid. We did n't have anything to eat on the island except a fish chowder."

"You were very fortunate to get a fish chowder!" said Elizabeth, laughing. "Well, children, I don't want to wait till we are older, before we go to a concert. None of you are too young, except Ben."

The children began to look pleased, yet mingled with their pleasure came a troubled look that Elizabeth should differ from Mamma.

"Let's go!" cried Elizabeth.

"Why, Elizabeth!" they cried.

"Oh, I don't mean Mamma's concert. Mine comes off in the morning."

"Then we can go," shouted Flora.

"Fred and I can't go," said Lily, "because we shall be in school then."

"That will not make any difference. My concert comes early, before school begins."

"But just see my old boots, Elizabeth! They are all out at the toes, and Papa is n't going to bring my new copper-toed ones till Monday," said Flora.

"That will not make any difference, either. You have to wear old boots at my concert. 'T would n't do at all to wear new boots in the hall."

"'Cause they'd squeak?" piped Ben, who was sitting down in the path, making a gravel "garden."

"No, Ben," said his sister, placing one of her crowns upon his head. "But the boots would be all spoiled after going to one concert, and would never be new boots again."

"That's funny!" said Flora. "How would they get spoiled?"

"The floor of the hall will be so very wet."

"The floor wet!"

"Yes, and you must wear old dresses, too. Nobody will see you."

"Why, the people that sing—they will see us."

"I hope not. They would be afraid and would not sing if they did," mysteriously answered Elizabeth.

"Oh, sister Elizabeth, what kind of a concert are you going to take us to!" cried astonished Fred. "What a dirty hall it must be! A concert in the morning, too, and such frightened singers! I don't believe I shall like it. Do you think I will?"

"Yes, indeed! You'll think it the greatest fun you ever had. It is the most beautiful hall you ever saw, Fred, if it is wet. The ceiling is a faint sky-blue, with a rosy yellow border at the eastern side. There will be a shining lantern to-morrow morning, hung low from the ceiling. The walls are trimmed with fresh, budding evergreen boughs, and the air of the hall is scented with the perfume of flowers!"

"Just as our schoolroom was last year on the last day, when we all brought bunches of flowers to the teacher! The whole room smelled of rose-petals and lilacs. Oh, how pretty it was!" said Lily.

"Where are the tickets, Elizabeth?" asked Flora.

"Tickets? Oh, tickets! Well, I have not bought them yet. In fact, it is a free concert. Anybody may go who will get up early enough. I think the only tickets required are a fresh face, bright eyes, sharp ears, and a quiet step!"

"I think there is something queer about it, but I think it is going to be nice, don't you, Fred?" said Lily.

"May be so," said Fred, not quite ready to commit himself. "What time must we get up?"

"We must get up from this doorstep now," said Elizabeth, rising and catching up Ben. "The dew has begun to fall, and Papa says that is the time to come in. As to the concert, you will have to be up at half-past two. I will go around and wake you up, because we must be out of the house at three, as the concert begins then."

"It must be mosquitoes!" shouted Fred. He had been brooding in silence for the last five minutes over the mystery of his sister's concert. "That will not be any fun at all!"

"Why, Fred, how you frightened me!" said Flora, with a laugh.

"Hush, Fred! Don't say any more," whispered Elizabeth. "You are wrong. But don't guess again. Wait, and we will surprise the others."

"I know!" said Lily. "When you said it began at three, that reminded me. It is better than mosquitoes, Fred."

"Children, let's clear the dining-room and have a game of blind-man's-buff before bed-time," said Elizabeth, to divert the children's attention from guessing her secret.

Away they flew to the dining-room, dragged the chairs, one after another, into the hall, pushed the table up between the windows, and had

a grand scramble. When they all had taken their turns at being blindman, Elizabeth said, "Come, children, you must scamper to bed now. Benny, you come first."

"Sing my song to me, Lily, and then I will go," said a sleepy little voice.

"What song does Benny mean, Lily?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh," explained Flora, eagerly, "it's a song that Lily made up all herself, while you were at school this week. She made it up one night when she was rocking Ben to sleep, when Mamma had a headache."

So, taking Ben into her lap, Lily sang the good-night song. The others gathered around the rocking-chair in a circle, and enjoyed the simple words as much as Benny did, while Lily sang:

"Pretty baby, little darling,

Would you like to go to sleep,
When the day is fading, fading,
And the stars begin to peep?

"When the little birds so pretty,

In their nests shut up their eyes,
When the bee has stopped his humming,
And the moon is in the skies?

"When the fire-fly has lighted

In the dark her cunning lamp,
When the dew is softly falling,
And the ground is cold and damp?

"Pretty darling, little precious,

Would you like to go to sleep,
When all things are resting, resting,
And the stars begin to peep?"

A half hour later the house was wrapped in quiet. A soft breeze stirred the leaves of the white birches. The roar of the distant falls murmured a deep undertone. The silvery moonlight was shining through the windows, and Elizabeth was quietly moving about, trying to mate the children's rubbers in the back entry.

Later still, when the father and mother returned from the concert and walked up the path in the moonlight, they saw the old spoon in the gravel where Ben had been "gardening," and the bunches of withered flowers on the doorstep. Elizabeth greeted them with her plan for the morning, and received the merry rejoinder:

"Remember, we have had our concert, and shall wish our morning nap undisturbed."

—Now let us see what preparations are being made for the concert in the queer, damp hall of which Elizabeth had spoken.

The members of the chorus are fast asleep among the green trees, with their heads tucked under their wings. There are our famous singers, the robins, with their coats of scarlet and brown; there the flocks of little blackbirds, with their white aprons; there are the sparrows, each the owner of an exquisite solo, expressly its own; and somewhere in the most hidden recesses of the woods reposes the thrush, who sings as no Jenny Lind can sing. We can not even think of the thrush as sleeping like other birds, so distant and individual does it seem. Even the black crow is preparing himself for the morning chorus; while countless tiny wood-warblers, who have no need to rehearse their parts, are concealing, each in a soft little ball of feathers, the mystery of song.

In a very silent way, other great preparations are going on. First of all, the dust and heat of the preceding day must be wafted away. For, when the new day comes, never seen before, no trace must be left in the air of any yesterday. Does a cool, calm breeze come up to cleanse and inspire the air? How does it take place? None can tell. Enough that there has been accomplished the great work of wiping out the past and beginning all over again.

Fresh perfumes, too, are prepared to greet the new day; while, poised in the eastern sky, the morning star hails the dawn. And what fairy has been around to every single tree, bush, leaf, and grass-blade, freshened it with water, and adorned it with precious jewels? Every strawberry vine has a pearl for each point on its leaves. The morning-glory, too, that flower which can never have seen a yesterday, is unfolding. Surely the new day is here!

CHAPTER II.

AT about a quarter of three, the house by the woods was full of suppressed excitement. The children, in their endeavor not to wake their father, mother and Ben, and at the same time to be sure to make one another hear, talked in loud, rasping whispers that made Elizabeth nervous. Fred's old boots made such a racket that his sister told him to go about in stocking-feet till they were out of the house. Lily and Flora got into such a gale of laughter trying not to make a noise and walking on tiptoes, that they finally adjourned to the kitchen and shut the door after them.

Fred looked like a scarecrow, and Lily, who always tried to be like Fred, said she looked entirely too neat, and wished she had some more ragged things to put on. As they rushed out of the door, glad to be able to talk "out

loud," Lily caught her apron on the latch and tore a great rent in it.

"Now, Lily, you ought to be satisfied," they cried with a merry laugh.

From Lily's and Fred's hints, Flora had now found out what sort of a concert they were going to.

"Oh, that must be the lantern!" cried Flora, as they stepped out of doors and faced the morning planet.

A few minutes' walk brought them across the fields and to the entrance of the woods. Seated on a moss-covered log, Elizabeth told the children that they must keep perfectly still for a while, so as not to miss the first notes. To their listening ears came up from the village a faint "cuck, cuck, cuck-a-row-w." Still fainter from a distant farmhouse came the answer, "cuck, cuck, cuck-a-row-w," and from outlying farms, one cock after another took up the cry.

"Must we call that part of our concert?" whispered Flora.

"Certainly, Flora, that is a part of the concert. I like to hear it. We can call it the prelude. Now, hark! Over there in the marshes, what do you hear?"

"Frogs!" cried the children. "Oh, they sing, too!"

"Dong, dong, dong," sounded the village clock.

"There; it's three o'clock," said Fred. "You said the concert would begin promptly. Where is it?"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a sleepy voice came up from the hedge:

"See, see, see; violets, violets, violets."

At the first notes of the "violet-bird," as the children called it (because it always came with the earliest violets), Elizabeth put out a warning hand to keep the children still, as they all involuntarily began to jump up with excitement.

"Why, how do they know the time?" said Flora, in astonishment.

"That's the chief solo-singer of the concert, children," said Elizabeth; "our yellow-headed sparrow."

"There's the robin waking up, too," whispered the voices, as the robin's "rain-song" filled the air. Then followed a quick, troubled note from another robin, as if waked too early from its slumber.

And now, another sparrow from the grove calls out, "See, see—oh, see, see!" and leaves the refrain unfinished, while from the hedge comes the response in full, "See, see, see; violets, violets, violets!"

Just above their heads a little blackbird, with its white breast and bright little eye, woke up and shook its sleepy feathers. Then, flying to the top

of the tree, it poured forth a melodious trill. It was carried through unbroken to the end. No woman on the stage can ever hope to attain to such richness and perfection.

One tiny warbler, elate with happiness, could only sing, "Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!" the syllables running over each other in rapid succession.

"The crow does not seem to join in the chorus, does he, Elizabeth?" said Lily. "He does not get up so early as the rest of us."

By way of answer, Lily heard a sleepy, hoarse "What! what! what!" from the spruce-trees, and then an indignant chorus of "Hark! hark! hark! caw! caw!"

Lily laughed heartily.

"Oh, that woke the crow up! He did n't like to be thought a lazy bird."

In a short time, the different songs were all mingled into one grand chorus. Each bird had its own peculiar melody; each sang as if unconscious of any other member of the chorus; yet the whole was in perfect harmony. There was no discordant note. Even the hoarse caw, caw, of the crow only added a rich bass to the soprano and the tenor singers. Robin-redbreast's part was the most prominent. Yet, always strong and clear from the grove, one sparrow gave the watch-cry, "See, see, see," and from the hedge came the news of "violets, violets, violets!"

"Listen very carefully," said Elizabeth, "and when robin pauses a minute to take breath, you will hear our sweet thrush."

"Oh, there it is! How far off it sounds!" said Flora. "And there are our swallows," she added, pointing to the familiar birds as they flew in low, waving circles, uttering their peculiar twitter.

"Oh, what birds are these?" cried Lily. "They flew right by my head, two of them! What are they?"

"Those are bats," said Elizabeth. "See, they are getting ready to go to sleep. They have had their day, and now are ready to say good-night."

A short while before four, the grand chorus broke up. The birds were seen flying down to the ground and picking up their breakfast. One gay little chorister flew to a branch just beside the children, and, not noticing them, flew down on the grass and found a breakfast ready for the taking.

The bright yellow-birds with their somber mates were exulting over their treasure of dandelion seeds. With a quick flutter the little birds would fly upon the stems of the dandelion and bring the airy head of seeds within reach. Gayly flitting from tree to tree, they would call out with a bewitching little intonation, "Phoe-bé-e, Phoe-

bé-e," with a rising inflection on the last syllable. Just the turn in the accent and pitch of the notes gives a whole world of difference between this

cry to "Phoebe" and the plaintive "Phoe-bee, Phoe-bee" of our chickadee. The one seems like the playful chuckle of a little child, calling merrily, "Phoe-bé-e, oh, come scé-e;" the other a solemn, sweet call, so full of pathos that we wonder how it can come from the chickadee, whose most familiar note seems full of good cheer and happiness.

The distant song of the thrush was still heard in the woods. Elizabeth proposed that they scatter quietly to see who could find the thrush and watch her as she sang.

Flora wandered off among the pine-trees. The soft, brown needles underfoot muffled her light tread. Nearer and still nearer she approached that hidden fountain of song, till she could fix its position on the top of a dark tree, the crest of which alone was bathed with the rosy dawn.

Stopping at a short distance from the foot of the tree, where she could easily look up to the thrush, Flora soon forgot everything and everybody else. Poised on the tapering point of the tree, the bird raised its head, and from its quivering throat poured forth its morning song. The three variations followed one another after the required intervals. Again and again the rich cadences fell on Flora's ear. Never before had she been so near the heart of the bird! How differently it sang from the other songsters! There was no hasty flitting from branch to branch during the silent intervals. The thrush seemed to have banished all other thoughts, and with gaze fixed on the morning blue, with nothing between itself and the over-arching heavens, opened its soul in sad, sweet melody.

Flora almost held her breath when, a few moments later, the bird ceased to sing, and flew softly downward among the low trees and then lit on the pine-needles at her feet. With so much grace and quiet it came to the ground, that it seemed more like the wafting of a feather to the earth than the descent of a bird.

Everything seemed to respect the thrush's love of concealment. The very pine-leaves just matched its brown back, and the gray mosses made inconspicuous its spotted breast. The bright eyes scanned Flora carefully, but, hidden behind a protecting fence, she passed for a shadow.

"You dear little bird! What were you saying up there against the sky?" whispered Flora, half to herself and half to the bird. "Oh, if the others could only see!"

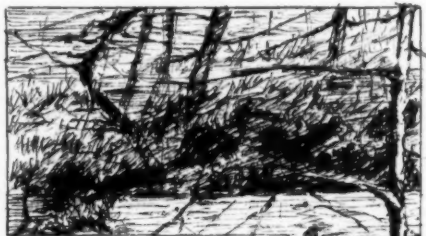
A rustle in the bushes and a sharp "oh!" caused

the thrush to flit quietly away as Lily made her appearance. The two girls, after relating their success to each other, went off and joined the others.

"Just see my boots!" said Lily, looking down at her wet feet.

"And mine, too," echoed Flora.

"And my dress! It is wet two inches deep with dew!"



"Come,"

said Elizabeth rising.

"Let us go in now, and put on our dry clothes and try to get a nap before breakfast. The birds have finished theirs long ago."

The breakfast table was made animated by the excited talk of the children. They were full of the chorus, and of how near they came to the birds, how many they heard, and who saw the thrush while it was singing.

"Papa and Mamma don't talk much about their concert," said Flora. "I don't believe it was so nice as ours, after all."

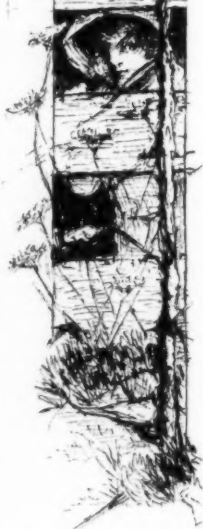
"You don't give us any chance to talk!" laughed Papa.

"I'm not sure," said Mamma, "but you children did get the best of it; because Papa and I came home last night full of criticisms on what we heard, but you have not been critics at all."

"No, indeed! How could we criticise, Mamma? Every song was perfect."

"I can criticise one singer," said Lily, laughing.

"He was very disagreeable because he came so near when he sang. He went almost into my ear just as I was finding the thrush! I was walking along, gazing up at the trees and following the song, when a mosquito flew at me and bit me so hard



that I screamed right out, and the thrush flew away."

"Yes," said Flora, "that was my thrush."

"Well, does this happen every morning, Elizabeth, when we don't get up?" said Lily.

"Yes; every morning at this season of the year."

"But who go to the chorus when we don't?"

"Very few, I think, know anything about it, or care for it. I think the damp hall deters most people."

"Oh, Elizabeth, now we know what you meant by the damp hall!" said Fred. "When you first said it, I kept thinking of the way the floor looks on washing-day!"

"May n't we go to-morrow morning again? May n't Elizabeth wake us up?" asked Lily.

"No," said Papa. "The morning chorus is free to all, but hereafter it must be kept in reserve for those who 'shake drowsy sleep from off their eyes,' without being waked by anybody. If you wake of your own accord, you may go any morning."

As a natural consequence of waking up at half-past two, the children slept unusually late the next day. But the concert was as great a success as on the previous morning, although the feathered choristers sang not to the children's ears.

The children made out the following

ORDER OF MUSIC.

PRELUDE { Roosters crowing in the village.
Frogs in the marshes.

(Clock strikes three.)

FIRST SOLO, Violet-bird.

SECOND SOLO, Robin-redbreast.

THIRD SOLO, Wood-thrush.

FULL CHORUS { Robin-redbreast (leader).
Violet-bird.
Blackbird.
Yellow-bird.
Crow (bass).
Wood-thrush.
Purple finch.
Oriole.

(At intervals, the sad music of the Hermit-thrush is heard from the pine-woods.)

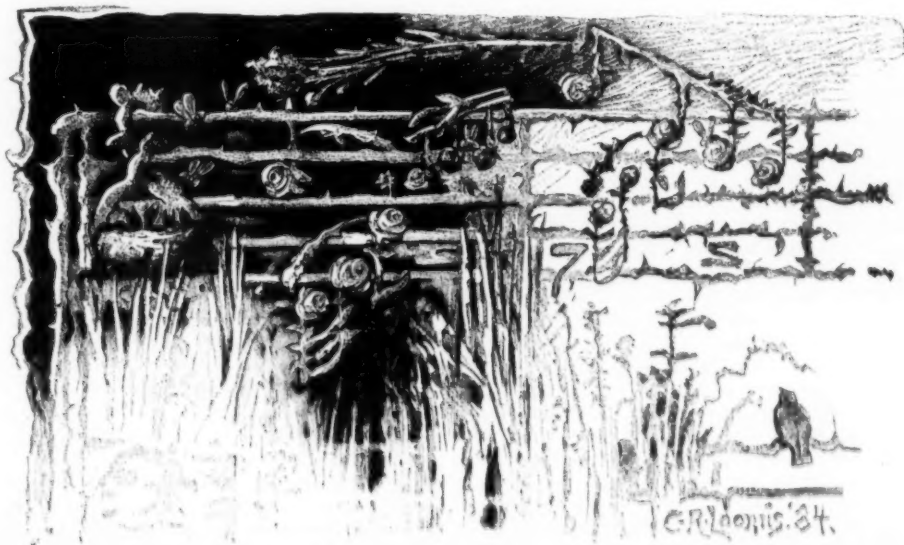
FOURTH SOLO, Swallow.

FIFTH SOLO, Chickadee.

(Exit Robin-redbreast.)

FINALE. ALTERNATE SOLOS { Thrushes.
Violet-bird.

(Clock strikes four. Audience and singers disperse for breakfast.)



JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MORE cool, lovely, fragrant spot than the Cañon of Roses in the dewy hush of early morning one could hardly find the world over; and a joyous awakening was that of the children. The river alone was full of attractions for both. They walked beside it for some distance, swam across it, wandered on the other side until they were tired, and then returned to that on which they had camped, at a shallow spot where some white light was imprisoned even at that early hour, although all the stream was clouded, overshadowed like a mountain-tarn, giving out only steely-bluish, blackish surfaces as it rippled musically, eddied gently, or rushed boldly away in the soft gloom of the cañon. It was the coolest, quietest river imaginable at its brightest and noisiest,—reflecting at midday, in a distant fashion, the strip of sky overhead, or, perhaps, some great white-cloud Alp, as a metal mirror might have done. When the children had finished dashing the water up into each other's faces, to their mutual delight, and had tired of juggling with the beautifully-colored pebbles that abounded, they threw themselves back on the grass and stared up at the sky, and went on laughing and talking gleefully, until a little rustle in the bushes near them attracted their attention and sent them up into a sitting posture at once. Juan was alarmed, for he had thoughtlessly left his bow at the camp; but he had no need to be frightened, for now came a plaintive bleat, bleat, bleat, and out came the little fawn they had spared the evening before. It was alone, and was still wandering about in an aimless, anxious way, trying to find out what had become of its family and friends. It had strayed down to the river to seek them, and coming upon the children, stopped and looked at them in a gentle, timid fashion, as if to say, "Could you, would you tell me, if you please, where my mother is? I am so tired, and I have looked everywhere. I don't know what to do or where to go,—I don't, indeed!"

"Oh! if I only had my bow!" said Juan. "We need another bag, and the skin of this fawn would make a splendid one, quite as big as the one Shaneco keeps bears' oil in. What was I thinking of to come away without my bow? I tell you what! Suppose we drive it very gently to our camp, and kill it there. You can do it, if you like. But you must take good aim, and shoot

at the throat so as not to spoil the skin. I'll dress it afterward and then make the bag."

"Oh, poor little thing! Let us not kill it, Juan," said Nita. "It looks so helpless and frightened! Let us keep it for a pet."

"Why, what nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Of course I shall kill it. But come on, I am hungry. I want my breakfast."

Together they managed to make the fawn take the direction of the camp. But the longer Nita saw it and watched its graceful movements, as it trotted or bounded before them, the more pleased she was with its slender legs, its comical apology for a tail, its pretty coat, and the soft brilliancy of its eyes. Every moment she grew more determined to keep it. "It is such a dear little thing! I must have it; but how can I prevent Juan from killing it?" she thought. When they came near the camp, he bade her run and fetch her bow or his; but she was ready with an excuse—the fawn would not stray; it would stay in the neighborhood; why not wait until after breakfast? This seemed reasonable enough, and Juan consented to postpone the shooting. A very hearty breakfast put him in a good humor; and, indisposed to exert himself at all, he sat down on the river bank with Nita and spent an hour there in idleness.

"By the bye, we will get that fawn now," he said at last. He strung his bow energetically, as he thought of the bag he coveted, and started off, Nita following; while Amigo stopped to finish gnawing at his breakfast of bones. When they neared the little creature, Nita mustered up her courage and began to plead for its life.

"Don't kill it, Juan, please! I like it. Let me have it. You can get another. There are plenty about here. I want it. Do let me keep it, won't you? I want to keep this one and tame it. May I not?"

Juan did not at all approve of such a course; but Nita was so eager and so much in earnest, that, to please her, he finally put his arrow back into the quiver. "It will die, anyhow," he said; "what is the use of—? Well, I will wait."

Somehow the fawn reminded Nita of her own feelings when she had been taken from her mother, and it appealed strongly to her heart. She had always been fond of pets, too; and had often wished vainly for a fawn. Dead deer of all ages had been plentiful enough in the Comanche camp, but here was a living fawn, so interesting and beautiful a little creature, stepping so daintily,

nibbling so prettily, gamboling so playfully—"No, no! It must not be killed!" she decided; and having constituted herself its protector, she thought about it a great deal, as she lay down for her nap, and loved it more and more.

Juan took a good look at the meat he was dry-

She sat down very near it, and then and there inaugurated her system of taming wild animals, which, simple as it was, could not have been surpassed by the celebrated Mr. Rarey. The animal before her was neither very wild nor very vicious, it is true, and her method may broadly be said to

have consisted in doing nothing at all. Nita was quite half a wild little thing herself, and perhaps she knew instinctively how to woo other woodlings, and to teach them to trust her. Certain it is that she waited quietly until the fawn opened its eyes, looked at it quietly, paid no attention to its little snort of fear, watched it bound a few feet away, then slowly crept closer and closer until at last she actually managed to get her hands on the shy creature and give it a caress or two. After this she walked back to camp as pleased as possible, and told Juan that he should not touch her little "Estrella," as she called the new pet. She inspected the four hams hanging up in the tree, watched Juan give another turn to the strips on the scaffold, took a look at the hides, and then her brother announced that he was going hunting.

"What's that for, when we have all this?" asked Nita, who was so accustomed to living from hand to mouth, that she felt as if they had a wealth of eatables already.

"Oh, I mean to keep the venison for our journey; yes, and kill more, and dry it, so it will take up as little space as possible. We won't touch that unless we are forced to," he replied.

The children supped heartily that evening on a fat fawn which Juan brought back as the result of his hunting trip. He had secured it just as night was falling, on the other side of the river. Nita looked on with bright interest while he



"JUAN FITTED AN ARROW AND LET IT DRIVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ing, shifted the pieces about briskly on the poles, made Amigo mount guard over the whole,—much against his dogship's will,—and then he, too, indulged in a nap. Nita woke first and went in search of her little fawn. It was not far away. Tired out by the wanderings and misfortunes of the night and day, it was fast asleep when she caught sight of it, and looked prettier than ever, curled up gracefully among some bushes near the river.

skillfully cut and stripped off the hide so as to make no holes in it, beginning at the throat. The fawn had previously been hung up by its neck so that Juan could get at it easily; and when he had placed the meat over the fire to dry, he carried the hide off, sought and found a hole in the rock, put the hide in it, filled it up with ashes and water, and came back to camp again. Nita was extremely curious to see and know what he was about.

"What have you done with it?" she said. "What do you want with ashes and water? You surely are n't going to pour those on the hide. You will ruin it."

To this Juan made no reply except to look very important, and put her off with, "You will see."

The first thing Juan did next morning was to have a look at the fawn-skin; and finding that it had not been in the ashes long enough for the hair to slip off, he determined to leave it where it was, in the tannery he had improvised overnight. At breakfast, Juanita said to him, "Don't forget that Amigo has to take his share of our load when we leave here. He can't be a lazy dog when there is so much to carry. You and I won't be able to take it all, and I know he can help."

"Yes; that was a splendid idea of yours, and I am going to shoot a wolf on purpose to make a pack-saddle of the skin," Juan replied.

He was very impatient to begin the work he had marked out for himself, but it could not be done that day; so he had to content himself with other employments and amusements, of which there was no lack. The most interesting one was shooting two more turkeys, which afforded them not only a great deal of fun, but a nice dinner. Anybody could have told that Juan's heart was in the work he had planned, for he was up at dawn next day, and was so full of energy that he paid no attention to Nita's sleepy remonstrance, "Don't go yet, Juan. It is not light enough to see."

"Oh, I can't wait for the sun to get here!" he answered impatiently, and ran off to the "tannery." He soon had the fawn-skin out, shook it thoroughly, and putting it on a tree that had grown in such a way as to present an inclined plane that exactly served his purpose, he went busily to work. When Nita joined him, he was rubbing away with intense vigor, singing as he bent over the skin, so absorbed in what he was doing that he started when she spoke to him. She offered to help, and looked on with vivid curiosity, as Juan swept up and down the skin with a deer-rib and skillfully removed the hair. She chattered to him all the while and plied him with questions; but he only continued to sing and to work.

"Now, then," he said, at last, when the skin

was all clean and smooth, "you can run back to camp and bring me all the turkey-fat there is."

Full of admiration of Juan's talent and ingenuity, Nita cheerfully obeyed; and, as a reward, was allowed to take a turn at rubbing the fat into the skin when Juan's arms and muscles gave out. When it was thoroughly soaked with the fat, and had been rubbed until it seemed a wonder that there was anything left of it, they took it up between them and bore it proudly back to camp, and propped it up in front of the fire to dry. They then breakfasted on cold turkey; and, as they munched away, discussed their plans.

"As soon as I have time, I shall begin Amigo's pack-saddle, for we shall have to accustom him gradually to wearing it. Don't you interfere, Nita. I'll bring him to terms!" said Juan. "You can just amuse yourself with your fawn. How tame it is already! It joins the deer that come in to water every night. I wonder it has n't gone off with them. What was the use of taking it for a pet, anyhow? We shall not be here longer than a week, and then you will have to leave it."

"But I won't leave it! I am not going to leave my little Estrella behind me!" replied Nita pettishly. "I like it better than any pet I ever had, and I mean to take it with me."

"All right; only I will kill it first," said Juan.

"You shan't kill it at all!" said Nita. "It is mine! I won't have it killed! And we are not going away in a week; we are going to stay a month! You said so yourself."

"Oh! that was when I first came and I was tired. I am going just as soon as I am ready," said Juan.

"But I am not going till I am ready!" retorted Nita.

"You are going whenever I see fit to take you," said Juan provokingly. "I am a warrior, and I know best, and you must do as I say. You are nothing but a child, and you will never be anything but a squaw. We are going in a week, and I shall kill your fawn whenever I choose."

Then followed a stormy moment, filled with "I shall" and "I shan'ts," "I wills" and "I won'ts," which worked the quarrel up to its height. Never had they had such a disagreement, and their hearts were so full of angry and wicked feelings, that even the lovely Cañon of Roses became all at once an ugly and dreadful place.

"I will kill it now," said Juan passionately, starting up and seizing his bow.

"You shan't touch it!" shrieked Nita. Both children ran as fast as they could to where Estrella was peacefully grazing in ignorance of what was going on. Quick as thought, Nita rushed up to the fawn. Quicker still, Juan fitted an arrow and let

it drive—but not into the fawn. Nita had thrown her arms around her little pet's neck, and whiz went the arrow into the fleshy part of her left arm. She gave a shriek and tumbled down as if killed.

Juan was dreadfully frightened. His anger cooled at once and was replaced by alarm and regret. He ran forward, startling the fawn, which bounded away a short distance and looked back at the children, quite unconscious of its narrow escape. Passionately Juan assured Nita that he had not meant to hurt her. He whipped out his knife, cut off the point of the arrow, sacrificing it without a thought, drew it out with one swift motion, and in a twinkling had bound up the wound with

had wandered off a little way and seemed to be looking at them in mild rebuke.

The truth was that Juan had been growing more and more proud and overbearing of late. He had convinced himself that he was a very remarkable boy, indeed; infinitely superior not only to Nita but to everybody. And this conviction had led him to treat his sister with a certain contempt which she had felt, but not resented. He saw his mistake, now; and as they walked back to camp, he was so kind and tender, so humble, and so like his own old self, that Nita's love and confidence revived tenfold. Nor was this the only good result that flowed from the quarrel. The remembrance of the lengths to which his anger had carried him



TRYING TO TAME THE FAWN.—"JUANITA SAT DOWN VERY NEAR IT."

more skill and gentleness than could have been expected. So eager was he, so humble, so penitent, that Nita could not long remain estranged and unforgiving. Realizing, as they did, that they both had been in fault, no sooner did one begin to take all the blame for what had happened, than the other, too, assumed it; and never had their hearts been more united than when they finally embraced each other, after half an hour of sighs and tears, excuses, explanations, and confessions.

Juan's generous nature was especially moved, and he ardently longed to make every possible reparation. He could not sufficiently accuse himself; and as to Estrella, he conceded everything. He would catch and tame several fawns for Nita, if she liked; he would do anything, agree to anything, that would make her happy. Meanwhile, the innocent cause of the well-nigh tragic dispute

kept Juan on his guard against giving way to his temper, and taught him to curb his passionate nature. As for Nita, she asked nothing better than to live in love and peace with Juan.

In this way another member was added to the party in the cañon, and for the remainder of their stay, Estrella was as much at home in the camp as was Amigo. There never was a prettier or gentler little creature. It became wonderfully tame, and would follow Nita about, as if it had been a pet lamb, up the valley, down the valley, across the river, wherever that active young mistress chose to rove; it would eat from her hand and rub against her, cat-fashion; it seemed to her to have every delightful quality that a pet could have, and she was never tired of caressing it. It is certain that she never would have given it up of her own accord.

Estrella finally settled it once for all. She took her future into her own hands, or, rather, hoofs; and one night, when the children were fast asleep, and the crescent moon was peering over the edge of the cliff with one horn well down to see if those could possibly be the two little Mexicans that had escaped from the Comanches, the little fawn trotted off down the river-bank, plashed into the water, and joined a certain benevolent doe that frequented the cañon. We have nothing to do with the interview between them. It was not their first; and Estrella's comical little tail wagged

a great deal while it lasted, perhaps from satisfaction at finding herself an adopted child. An hour later she might have been seen leaping up a well-known trail, in the wake of her foster-mother and beautiful young foster-brother.

The party took their way to the plateau above, and so on out into the hills, where, all unmindful of the affection, sacrifices, and distress of the mistress she had abandoned, the happy, if ungrateful, fawn went back to that state of nature which for her and all her tribe is emphatically a state of grace as well.

(To be continued.)

THE REASON WHY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

O HAPPY birds among the boughs,
And silver, tinkling brook below!
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?
"Ah, why? And would you know?"
A pleasant song to me replied;
"For some one else we sing,
And that is why the woodlands wide
With rapture 'round us ring!"

O daisies crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow!
Each glance you greet
With smiles, so sweet!
"And why—ah! would you know?"
Their beauty to my heart replied;
"For some one else we live;
And nothing in the world so wide
Is sweeter than to give!"



WINNING A COMMISSION.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN BARRACKS,—AND EXAMINATIONS.

ON the 28th of August, the second class, which had been on furlough all summer, returned; camp was broken, and barrack life began for the plebes. Tents were lowered, and the entire corps marched across the plain to barracks in a pouring rain. Rooms were chosen by classes; the first class having the first choice, and the fourth class contenting itself with rooms on the fourth floor—the “cockloft”—or else on the ground floor.

Fred and Craw chose a room in the second division; and they found it not a whit more comfortable than the barrack rooms in which they had lodged on their arrival. Nothing in the way of ornament was allowed in the room; but the white-washed walls and the bare floor were with them constantly, and everything was required to be kept in perfect order and scrupulously clean. The bedding had to be kept piled in a certain manner, the different articles of apparel were required to be hung on certain hooks, and the articles on the shelves were laid and filed with mathematical precision. Each morning the rooms were inspected by the lieutenants in charge of companies, and any variation from regulations in the arrangement of the rooms and any litter or untidiness were promptly reported. Each occupant of a room was detailed as room-orderly for a week at a time, and during that week was responsible for the condition of the room; and all reports against the room were to the orderly's discredit.

It came to be a favorite habit with the lieutenant in command of “A” company to walk into Fred's room of a morning and run his finger along the mantel in a search of dust. His search was often successful, and remarking, “Dust on your mantel, Mr. Arden!” he would walk out again. And at the next publication of delinquencies would be heard:

“Arden, dust on mantel at A. M. inspection”; the penalty being two demerits.

—The demerit and punishment system is the means by which discipline is enforced. All violations of order which the cadet may have committed are reported against him, if noticed by the cadet officers whose duty compels them to take action upon it, or by officers of the army; and every evening, immediately after parade, the cadet adjutant

reads from the delinquency book the list of those reports that have been made during the preceding twenty-four hours. Cadets have the privilege of submitting to the Commandant written explanations of all such reports; and if an explanation is satisfactory, the report is quashed. Otherwise, the report is registered against the delinquent, and a certain number of demerits, varying from one to ten, according to the magnitude of the offense, is placed against his name. Thus, for a serious offense, like sitting down while posted as a sentinel, or for disobedience of orders, the number of demerits would be eight or ten; while for being late at “formation,” or for some such slight misdemeanor, one demerit would be given. The limit for the demerits is fixed at one hundred from January to June, and one hundred and twenty-five from June to January. If this limit is exceeded, dismissal follows as surely as though the offender had been declared deficient in mathematics or philosophy. But the limit is ample, and, by even slight attention to regulations, there is no necessity for exceeding it or even for approaching it.

In addition to the demerits, which affect the class standing of the cadet, other punishment is generally awarded, such as confinement to room or in light prison, or the walking of tours of extra duty on Saturday afternoons, equipped as a sentinel. For very grave offenses, cadets are liable to suspension for a year, or even to expulsion.—

The day after return to barracks, text-books were obtained from the commissary stores, the source of all cadet supplies, and on the 1st of September, which is the first day of the academic year, recitations began.

The 1st of September also witnessed the admission of a few more candidates, who, by coming at this time, avoided the discomforts of plebe camp. But they labored under the great disadvantage of having all their squad drill in connection with their studies; and with this against them, they nearly all soon gravitated to the foot of the class.

The studies now begun by Fred's class were mathematics and English grammar. For purposes of instruction the class was divided alphabetically into “sections” of ten or twelve members each, and each section was marched to and from its recitation-room by that one of its members who stood the highest alphabetically. In about three weeks, transfers began to be made weekly between the sections, the object being to grade the class according

to ability and merit; and thus the proficiency of a cadet in any study could soon be judged by knowing the section in which he was. Fred Arden had the advantage of starting in the first section in each study, and by close application he retained this high standing throughout the year.

The lowest section of the class, which is called by cadets the "Immortals," generally contains those cadets who have no hope of passing the examinations, or those who through laziness prefer to "chance it" by skimming over the lessons during the year, and at examination time studying hard, "boning" for a few days in the hope to learn enough to pass. From these latter has arisen the name of the section, for these *lazy mortals* become, in cadet French, *Les Immortelles*, which, by easy transition to English again, plainly makes them "Immortals."

In January came the first semi-annual examination, and all, both high and low, awaited it with some dread. For, while the immortals expected nothing but failure and dismissal, those directly above them were more in doubt as to the result, and no one wished to make a poor recitation—a "fess"—on examination before the whole Academic Board. But the ordeal came and went, and soon after, nearly a third of Fred's class went also, "found in January,"—their military career nipped in the bud.

After the examinations were finished, all the classes were re-arranged in each study according to the merit of their members; and study was resumed, not to be interrupted again until June.

Early in February the whole fourth class was summoned to the Headquarters Building, where they took the "iron-clad" oath of allegiance, and received their warrants of appointment as cadets at the Military Academy. This was a red-letter day, for it marked their transition from *conditional* cadets to cadets pure and simple. Fred felt his heart swell with pride and satisfaction as he read on his parchment:

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"KNOW YE, that the President has been pleased to appoint Frederick Arden, a cadet of the United States Military Academy, to rank as such from the first day of July, 1881.

"Given under my hand and seal at the War Department, this tenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, the 106th.

"(Signed), ROBT. T. LINCOLN, Secretary of War.

"R. C. DRUM, Adjutant-General."

As spring approached, it became a pleasure to Fred to watch the progress made in beautifying West Point after the long winter, and to dream of the glories of corporal's chevrons and the joys of yearling camp. Then June came, and the examinations were again held. More of the class

fell victims and were discharged; the first class was graduated; the third class, now the second, went on furlough; and the new first and third classes went into camp together for the summer.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUMMER CAMP.

THE summer encampment, beginning about the middle of June and lasting until September, is the holiday season at West Point. The cadets lay aside their text-books for the whole period, and, living entirely in tents, grow brown by exposure to sun and rain and wind. From the beginning of camp to the Fourth of July no drill is required, the only duties being guard-duty and parade. But on July fifth, drills commence in good earnest and continue during the remainder of the encampment.

The advent of the plebes gave to Fred's class a feeling of great dignity, in that it now had a class below it; and the yearlings, accordingly, proceeded to treat the new-comers very much after the manner in which they themselves had been treated the year before, often putting their successors in very ridiculous plights. Still, their duties, which were by no means light, were performed with far more readiness than they had been the previous year; for the class not only led a far pleasanter life, but it had now learned the soldier's first lesson of cheerful and prompt obedience to orders.

Reveille comes at five o'clock in the summer camp. Just before this hour the corporal of the guard and one of the privates have rammed a cartridge down the throat of the reveille gun, and very likely have slipped a wad of paper, some grass, and a brickbat in after it, just to make a "thundering noise." The friction-primer is in the vent of the field-piece, and the private stands with the lanyard taut in his hand, ready at the word to pull the line and discharge the gun. The bell of the town clock sounds the first stroke of five. Bang! goes the gun, and the brickbat ricochets across the grassy plain. The drum-corps, which has been waiting on the color-line for this signal, strikes up a tremendous clatter with fifes and drums, and plays up and down the street of every company; then, halting again on the color-line, it plays the last notes of the reveille. Sleepy cadets hurriedly emerge from their tents, buttoning their coats as they go; and as the last notes sound, each company forms line.

"Left face!" commands the corporal who is acting as first sergeant of the company, in the absence of that officer with the rest of the second class on furlough, and the line faces toward him.

He calls the roll from memory, and it rattles along,—“Arden, Atkinson, Brown, Claymore, Craw, Dean, Dent;” and the replies come,—“Here,” “he-e-r-e,” “h-o-o-o,” “hare,” “erh,” “ha-a-ar.”

“All are present, sir,” reports the first sergeant to his captain, and the captain transmits the report to the cadet officer of the day. “Break ranks, march!”—the line dissolves, and the cadets go to their tents to begin the morning policing.

During the next half hour, the bedding is neatly piled in one corner; then the tent floor is swept; all sticks, leaves, and scraps of paper are picked from around the tents; and the whole of the refuse is swept up in little piles in the middle of each company street, ready to be removed by the company policeman. If the morning is clear, every tent has its walls neatly looped up. Meanwhile, surgeon’s call has sounded, and the sick have gone to the hospital. One of the lieutenants of the company inspects the policing, and then the drum beats the breakfast call. The companies are again formed in line, the rolls are called, and each first sergeant marches his company to its place in the line, which is formed on the camp parade-ground.

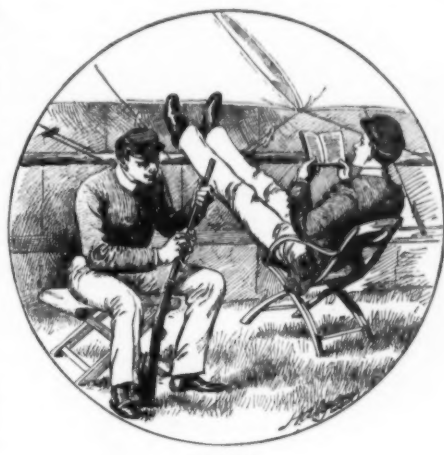
Now the first captain of the battalion, a tall, soldierly fellow with a deep bass voice, draws his sword and gives the command; the line breaks into column of companies and, headed by the drum-corps, marches lightly to the mess hall.

In the mess hall, each cadet goes directly to his seat; waiters rush to and fro; every one chatters away to his neighbor between mouthfuls, and as soon as his breakfast is finished, devotes himself to swelling the uproar and confusion. Presently, the first captain, having finished his breakfast, rises and makes the tour of the hall, inspecting the tables as he passes, and taking mental notes of “too much butter on plate,” or “napkin not properly folded.” Then, standing by the staff table, he commands, “‘B’ company, rise!” “‘B’ company obediently rises, goes out, and forms in line. “‘C,’ “‘D,’ and “‘A’ companies follow, and the battalion marches back as it came.

Arrived on the camp parade-ground, the companies wheel into line, halt, and the cadet adjutant reads from a paper just given him by his clerk, “In arrest, Brown. In confinement from 8 A. M. to-day until 8 A. M. to-morrow, Adams, Carroll, Dembell, Enderly, Gray, Smith;” and, having thus reminded these cadets that they are in durance vile, retires. The first captain commands, “Dismiss your companies!” the first sergeants yell, “Break ranks, march!” and the orderly battalion becomes a crowd of jolly, rollicking boys.

Soon the beating of a drum at the guard tent summons the plebes to an hour’s squad drill at

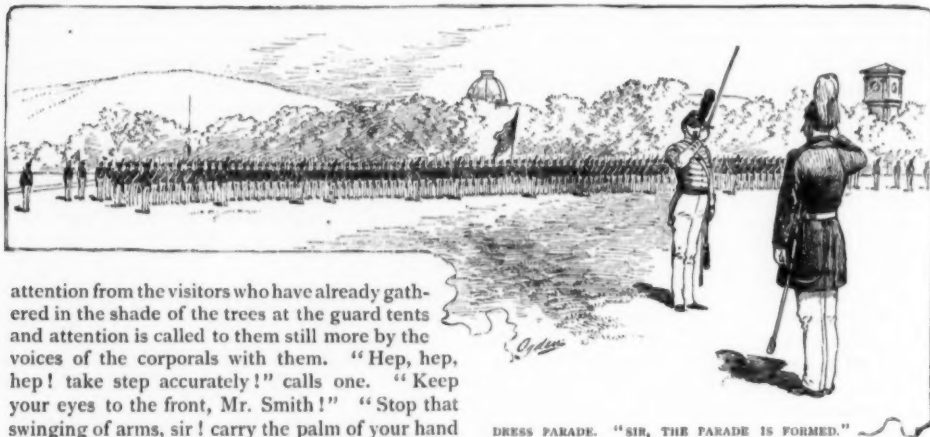
the hands of the yearling corporals. And while they laboriously practice “second exercise” and “balance,” the older cadets disport themselves



OFF DUTY.

variously about camp. Many produce favorite novels from their lockers, and, sitting in camp chairs, lose themselves in the interesting pages. Others prepare at once for the parade and guard-mounting. Coats are brushed, and clean collars are “crimped” with tooth-brush handles and pinned on the coat-collars. Clean white trousers are selected and any needed buttons attached. Belts and gloves are inspected, the rifles are brushed and wiped, and all specks of dust and dirt removed. The ambitious “A” company yearling who goes on guard to-day and intends to “throw up for colors,” appears in the company street and spends a quarter of an hour in putting the final touches to his rifle. It is our friend Craw who hopes to be a “first color man,” and accordingly he gets himself up in what he calls “spooney style.” His rifle is a beauty. The bronze he has rubbed with chamois-skin until it glistens as though oiled; the wooden stock looks like polished mahogany; and all the bright metal parts—the screw heads, the rammer tip, the muzzle—are as brilliant as mirrors. His cartridge-box and bayonet scabbard have been newly varnished and the brasses polished. If he does n’t “get rattled and fess on the manual,” he thinks he will “take colors sure.” He has a double object in view: he both wishes his company to keep ahead of the others in the number of colors taken, and to evince his own superiority as a color man.

The hour of drill is now over, and the plebes come marching in. They attract considerable



DRESS PARADE. "SIR, THE PARADE IS FORMED."

attention from the visitors who have already gathered in the shade of the trees at the guard tents and attention is called to them still more by the voices of the corporals with them. "Hep, hep, hep! take step accurately!" calls one. "Keep your eyes to the front, Mr. Smith!" "Stop that swinging of arms, sir! carry the palm of your hand square to the front!" They are brought into line and dismissed; and as they break ranks, they start for their tents at "double time," for they do not have to carry their hands motionless by their sides when they run.

Again the drum beats, and the cadets begin to appear for parade, each one in his close-fitting, swallow-tailed gray coat with three rows of brass buttons down the front, a pair of immaculate white trousers, black dress hat with polished ornaments, white belts and gloves. The famous West Point band comes marching up from the barracks and takes its position on the right of the parade-ground. The little drummer sounds the "assembly"; the cadets "fall in"; the roll is called, and the result is reported to the captains, and by them to the officer of the day. Craw is in the line of file-closers as a special favor, so that he need not by any possibility mar the beauty of his gun by handling in the manual. His coat fits as though it had grown on him, his collar is put on with mathematical exactness, and his trousers, with their prominent creases down the front and back, are stiff with starch and as white as snow. He walks a little stiff-legged, perhaps; but he considers it necessary, to prevent his trousers from breaking at the knee and looking badly before the adjutant inspects him.

Now the drum-major waves his staff, the band strikes up a lively tune, and the companies march out to its inspiring music and form line on the parade. Each company, at its captain's command, comes to the position of "parade rest." There is a flourish of trumpets from the band; and then, under the guidance of the drum-major, who marches majestically in its front, it plays down the line and back to its original place.

The music ceases, and the clear voice of the

cadet adjutant rings out, "Battalion, attent-i-o-n! Carry—arms!" His commands are executed by the cadets with the precision of automaton. He marches to the front until midway between the battalion and the officer in charge, who receives the parade; here he halts, faces the battalion, and commands, "Present arms!" Crash! the rifles fly to the position. He faces about again, and, addressing the officer in charge, says, "Sir, the parade is formed."

"Take your post, sir!" replies the officer, and with his swinging step the adjutant moves to the front and past the officer, to his designated place.

The officer in charge then exercises the battalion in the manual of arms, and as the words of command fall from his lips, the cadets execute the motions in unison, as though moved by machinery, such is the degree of perfection to which constant application and practice bring them.

The manual being finished, the adjutant receives the reports of the first sergeants, and publishes the orders of the day. Then he announces, "Parade is dismissed!" and sheathes his sword. All the cadet officers, who have been standing motionless in front of their companies, do the same, and march toward the center of the line and halt. The adjutant has meanwhile joined them, and now commands, "Forward, guide center, march!" The music strikes up, the line of officers steps off and marches to within a short distance of the officer in charge, where they halt and salute. He returns the salute, and parade is at an end. The companies march back to their company streets, where each is inspected by its captain; while each company's detail for guard duty for the day falls out of ranks, and forms again by itself, ready to march to its place in line for guard mounting when the

adjutant gives the signal. Soon the signal is given, and the details march to the parade-ground again, to the music of the band, and form line. Then comes the inspection. The officer of the guard, who is a first class cadet, faces about from his position in front of the guard and commands, "Order arms! Inspection arms!" Then, approaching the right of the line, he takes each rifle as it is thrown to the position of inspection, and inspects it carefully, and at the same time casts a critical eye over its possessor. It is seldom that a cadet presents himself at guard mounting in any but a fine condition; still it occasionally happens that dust is discovered in the bore of a gun, or a collar is found to be poorly put on.

Meanwhile the adjutant has passed along the line also, and, as he passes, those who intend to compete for the honor of colors signify it by bringing their pieces to inspection arms. The adjutant gravely salutes and goes on: the inspection of color-men will take place later. During the inspection of the guard, the cadet captains have finished the company inspections, and now march their companies out to a line in rear of the guard, where they stack arms. The colors of the battalion are placed on the center stacks, and thus the establishment of the color-line is completed. One of the color-men of the guard to be relieved is immediately posted as sentinel, and he walks up and down the line of stacks until relieved by the new color-man.

The guard marches in review, and to its place at the guard tents. The officer of the guard says, "Color-men, fall out!" and immediately half a dozen yearlings step out of ranks and are surrounded by classmates from their several companies, who, provided with brushes, give the last touch to each competitor. The excitement,

though repressed, is intense; for but three will be chosen, and each feels his knees shake "just a little" as he takes his place in the line, ready for the adjutant's inspection. Each rifle is now inspected with the utmost care. No particle of dust, rust, or dirt can escape that rigid scrutiny. See! The adjutant has discovered something at fault with the very first piece! What is it? And the cadets looking on crane their necks eagerly to see. Oh, it is only a hair caught on the sight,—not enough for the cadet to be "cut" on. But the next gun fares worse. The adjutant runs his finger along the edge of the stock, and then holds his finger up for the poor cadet to see. A fine dark streak is visible on the glove, and his doom is sealed. "Yes, sir; your gun is too dirty; fall out!" says the adjutant. And the unfortunate, obedient to



THE CANDIDATE FOR COLOR-MAN RECEIVING THE LAST TOUCHES FROM HIS CLASSMATES.

his fate,—“luck,” he calls it,—leaves the line, “cut on colors,” and returns to his guard.

Now the adjutant comes to one with whom he can find nothing wrong. It is Craw, and the “A” company lookers-on become jubilant at the pros-

pect of winning another first color. Having inspected all the men in front, the adjutant goes behind them, and looks them over. Little faults that a casual observer would never notice are evident to his critical eye, and he calls attention to each one. He comes in front again and takes a final look at the contestants. Finally he says, "Fall out, *Craw*; first colors!" and *Craw*, nothing loath, steps out of the line, and, holding up one finger to announce his good luck to his comrades, returns to his guard. The cadets from his company express their approbation in warm terms. "Hurrah for you, *Craw*!" "Another first color for '*A*' company!"

The visitors gaze with admiration at the first color-man of the day. The sentinel whom *Craw* is to relieve sets up a shout of, "Relief! Corporal of the *Gua-a-a-rd*; the color-line!" And as *Craw* marches proudly across the parade, in answer to the call, the "*A*" company plebes gather at the end of their company street and applaud vociferously. The remaining contestants present an almost equally fine appearance, and are made to execute the manual of arms to determine the result. It is soon decided, for some slight movement at a purposely wrong command determines the fate of one after another, until but two are left; and they take second and third colors for the day.

Guard mounting is hardly finished when a roll of the drum summons all to artillery drill. The cadets come from the company streets, each wearing his short, gray fatigue jacket and gauntlet gloves, and cluster on the parade awaiting the assembly. But those five minutes of waiting are seldom wasted; as likely as not, a half dozen sturdy yearlings form a circle, each with his arms across his neighbor's shoulders; other smaller cadets spring to their shoulders, and form the second tier of a "pyramid"; the third tier goes up, and then a diminutive yearling is hoisted up and climbs on nimbly to the top, where he stands a moment. The next moment, the drummer beats the assembly, and the pyramid falls to the ground in collapse and is quickly incorporated in the line.

Each class now forms in line by itself, and the roll is called by the cadet present who is highest in class standing. The officer of the day receives the report of these roll-calls, and the classes are then marched up to the places of drill. The plebes go to the foot-battery, just outside the limits of camp, and there learn the names of the different parts of the pieces, and are taught how to aim and fire them. The yearling class marches down the hill to the siege-and-mortar battery, and there, for an hour, has target practice with the siege guns. How hot the battery is! The instructor realizes that it is little better than an oven

this July day, and consequently fulfills the desire of each yearling heart by giving frequent "rests," wherein the cadets take the opportunity to lie in the shade of a neighboring bush and cool off.

"Battery, attention!" calls the instructor; and the cadets spring up and hasten to their positions around the guns, and stand there motionless. "From battery!" Six cadets at each piece seize the handspikes and push and pry the ponderous guns from the parapet until they are at a convenient distance for loading. The cartridge is rammed home, and a thirty-pound iron projectile carefully pushed down the bore of the gun after it. The guns are again run "in battery" and carefully trained on the target, twelve hundred yards away, on Target Hill, across the bend of the river.

"Ready!" commands the cadet gunner at each piece, as the aiming is completed; and as he pronounces the word, a cadet places a primer in the vent and holds the lanyard in his hands, ready to pull and discharge the piece.

And now the instructor gives the command, "Number one, *fire*!" And with a crash and a bang the first gun recoils from the parapet, while the projectile, with a prolonged "z-z-z-z," flies to the target. The instructor watches its flight with his field-glass, and announces the shot to the gunner: "A good line-shot, Mr. Arden, but a trifle high; correct your elevation for the next shot." And then, "Number two, *fire*!" and so on down the whole battery.

At the same hour the first class has marched to Fort Clinton, and there they practice tying knots, splicing ropes, mounting heavy artillery pieces on their carriages and then dismounting them, and drill in all "mechanical maneuvers." It is very pleasant to watch this drill, and groups of visitors, relatives and friends of the cadets, often pass the whole hour under the shade-trees of the old fort, watching the progress that Charlie or Frank or Ned is making.

The next duty of the morning is the dancing lesson. Each class has an hour a day allotted to it, during which it goes to the fencing academy, where the members perfect themselves also in dancing. Here the yearlings have "fun." The dancing-master calls the dance, the pianist strikes up a lively tune, and the cadets revolve and gyrate in couples about the room. Then comes a quadrille, a grand "walk around," or a "stag-dance." They can hardly fail to become good dancers when all enter into the spirit of it with so much heartiness. The dancing-master is the jolliest of short, fat Frenchmen.

"Attention, cavaliers!" he calls. "In ze valtz ze right foot es advance, *so*; zen ze left, and ze right brought up, *so*! Now,—*one*, two, tree;

one, two, tree!" and he sways his body and half closes his eyes as he chants the numbers, while the whole roomful of boys moves as he directs. Suddenly he sees a cadet leaning against the wall, and he darts across the room to him.

"Ah, Monsieur, vy do you not dance?"

"Can't get the step," is the reply.

"Oh, et is verry easy! I will get you a part-

woman's" becomes filled with gray-coated youngsters, noisily enjoying the ice-cream and cake, purchased "on check-book!"

The beating of the drum calls all back to camp for the retreat parade, half an hour before sunset. This ceremony is a repetition of the morning's troop parade, and immediately after it, the corps goes to supper, which is eaten with all the more relish on account of the open air life.

On hop nights the camp is a scene of bustling activity after the return from supper; cadets are preparing for the hop, filling out the hop cards of their fair partners, and reporting their departures to the hop, or "on permit," to the first sergeants.

"Ah, Delange! going to the hop to-night?" asks Fred Arden, as he meets his friend coming from the adjutant's tent with a fresh hop card.

"Well, rather," replies Delange, waving his card.

"Take a dance on this card for me,—with a lovely girl," urges Fred.

"Can she dance?" cautiously inquires Delange.

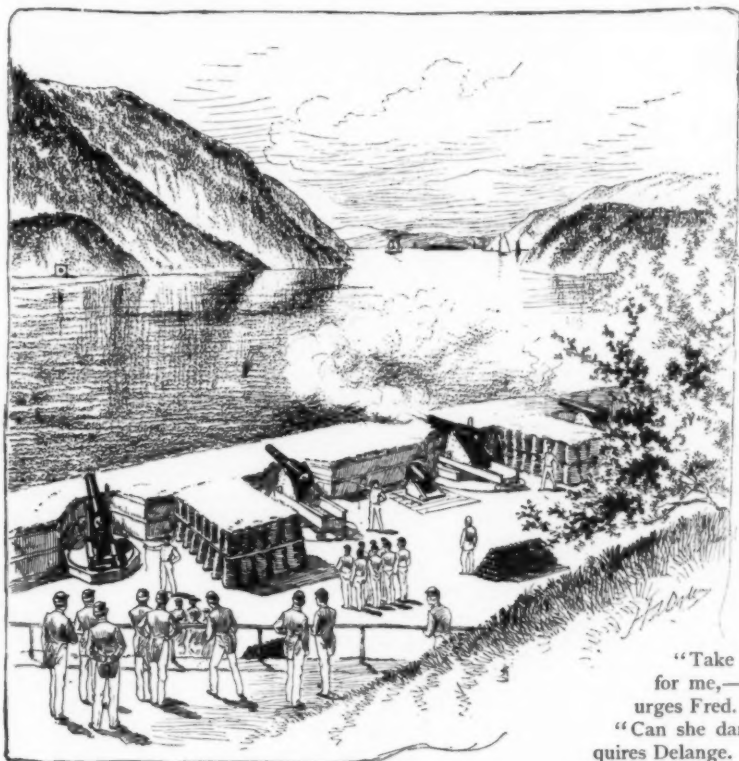
"Um—ah, I don't know; I never danced with her; but she's a niece of my Congressman, and I wish her to have a good time," says politic Fred.

"What's her name?" asks wary Delange.

"Miss Limber."

"Whew! *She* ought to dance! give me the seventh, will you?" And so the cards are filled out.

And the hop itself, with its crush of lace and flowers, its fluttering fans and its fair faces, its music, and the delightful motion over the waxed floor, is a dream of delight too soon and too rudely dispelled by the arrival of the orderly with his drum at ten o'clock. "Recall" breaks harshly



TARGET-PRACTICE WITH THE SIEGE GUNS.

ner." And away he goes to another, who also has difficulty with the step, and, panting and red in the face, brings him to the scene. "Now, Mees Fisher, allow me to introduce Monsieur Johnson; now you will dance." And "Johnson and 'Mees' Fisher" bow, and redden at the laughter around them, and then try again.

The afternoon until parade is spent as holiday. The first class men generally take advantage of their privilege to leave camp, and go where they will on the post. Yearlings who have obtained permission also leave camp; and as the afternoon wears on, the little restaurant at the "Dutch-

in on the last waltz, and each one makes good time back to camp, to avoid being reported "late returning from hop."

Often, on other evenings, knots of cadets gather for a song; and then, with guitar accompaniment, roar out, "Benny Havens," and "Army Blue," at the tops of their voices. And as some impatient yearling catches the words of the first class man's favorite song,

"We've not much longer here to stay,
Only a month or two,
Before we doff the cadet gray
And don the army blue,"

he is heard sarcastically to rejoin,

"No, not *much* longer here to stay,
Only a year or two!
And so we sit around and howl
That fiendish 'Army Blue'!"

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL INVADERS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

ONE of the most remarkable wars that ever occurred, a war in which thirty thousand soldiers met an opposing force numbering tens of millions, is not recorded in the military histories of the country in which it took place. The country was Russia, and in the year 1825 came the first call for troops.

The provinces lying between Odessa and Kiev sent forth the first alarm. Clouds, like gigantic whirlwinds, had appeared in the air, rising in vast columns and spreading out in strange forms above the earth. Nearer they came, and finally the terrified peasants found that the clouds were alive,—in fact, were vast armies of grasshoppers! The face of the earth was soon covered with them, and at midday the sun was darkened, the insects hovering over the earth like a pall. They covered the houses, crawled under doors and into cracks, piled themselves up in heaps, and spread devastation wherever they appeared.

The poor farmers vainly fought them with fire, standing by their gardens to the last. The vast hordes settled upon the green crops, in some places to the depth of four or five feet, and when they rose, the barren ground alone was left to tell the tale. Borne along by the wind in waves and sheets, the noise of their wings sounded like the rushing of a gale through the rigging of a vessel. So great were

With Fred, the camp passed quickly and pleasantly. He became an attendant at the hops and enjoyed them greatly. Bevy of pretty girls spent the summer at the Point, and by their bright presence added much to the season's delights.

But what rendered the camp especially pleasant to Fred was the presence of his parents, who made him a long visit. They admired his corporal's chevrons, they were glad to see that his status in the class had been such that his classmates had chosen him as one of the hop managers, and in all things they were proud of his success.

But the twenty-eighth of August rolled around again, bringing with it the return of the furlough class, and the return to barracks. So Fred once more commenced the round of study, this time with cadet furlough, a year ahead, held out as a constant incentive.

their numbers that the peasants were crazed with fear. Some believed that the end of the world had come; while all saw starvation staring them in the face, for not only did the grasshoppers eat up every blade of green, but they devoured the stores of hay and every edible thing.

The news of the resistless advance of this vast invading army, bringing famine with its onward march, soon reached the Government of Moscow; and in response to an appeal from the people, the Emperor Alexander ordered out an army of thirty thousand soldiers to fight them. Instead of guns and cannon, the men were armed with spades, shovels, bags, and implements for making fires; and they advanced upon the enemy, stretching out in a line over two hundred miles long.

The horses could hardly drag the wagons through the living mass, often two and three feet deep. The grasshoppers clung to the horses and men, and leaped about their heads, adding to the confusion. They were shoveled up in mounds, collected in bags, raked together and burned, yet there was no perceptible effect upon their numbers; and through the governments of Ekaterinburg and Kherson, for hundreds of miles, to the Black Sea, they lay in a solid mass two feet thick.

Through May and June they rose in continuous clouds, carrying destruction everywhere. A dis-

tinguished naturalist, on his way to the Crimea, met the insects fifty miles from Kiev; they clung to the wagon wheels like thick mud, and the speed of his horses was reduced from eight miles an hour to one. For a long distance he passed thus through these invaders. Crossing the Black Sea,

In Africa the migrations of grasshoppers are equally dreaded, and they are often seen piled in massive heaps. And in Algeria some years ago, the French General de l'Admirault ordered out the army under his command to repel an invasion of grasshoppers. Their efforts had some effect in

staying the impending disaster, the enemy being fewer in number than they had been in Russia.

In America also they are a scourge. Their invasions are made in search of food and are often continued for a thousand miles or more. The eggs are laid in holes in the ground. When the young larvæ hatch, they soon develop wings; a vast band of them sometimes rising simultaneously and flying away.

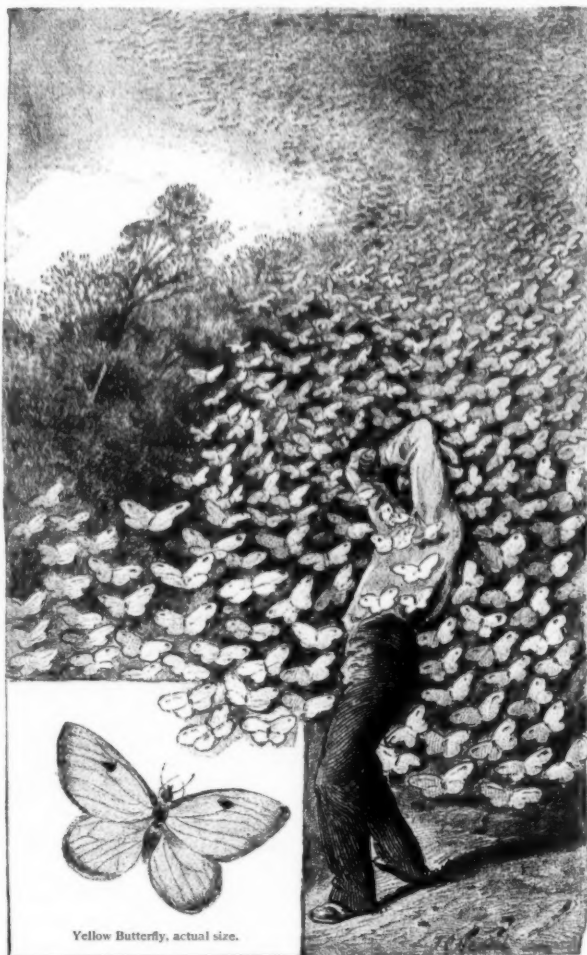
Specimens of a strange locust were observed in England in 1869, and it is supposed that they came direct from Africa by sea, as vessels twelve hundred miles from land met with hosts of them which covered the masts, sails, and rigging in crawling, flying hordes.

Yet, though their invasions are so disastrous to civilized men, some races, which do not cultivate crops, look upon their appearance as good fortune, and collect them for food.

Butterfly migrations have attracted much attention in all countries, but the cause of their flights is not definitely known. The sulphur, or yellow-colored, butterflies of South America are the most noted in this respect. Sir Robert Schomburgh, in ascending the river Essequibo, came upon an army of them so dense that the sunlight was dimmed, while they converted the trees, their leaves, and the ground all about into a living cloth of gold. For nine and a half hours, this wondrous procession moved along in rapid and silent flight. During this

time the boat passed up the river nine miles, proving that the column was over nine miles wide; its length could only be conjectured,—while the numbers that composed its rank and file baffled all calculation.

Another sulphur-colored butterfly has a similar habit of traveling in vast numbers. The late Pro-



MIGRATION OF THE YELLOW BUTTERFLIES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

he found that on the island of Phanagoria the insects had left the ground. At a distance of five miles they resembled columns of black volcanic smoke hanging in the air at a height of six hundred feet, the upper portion assuming the appearance of dark clouds that cast weird shadows upon the earth and darkened the sun's rays.

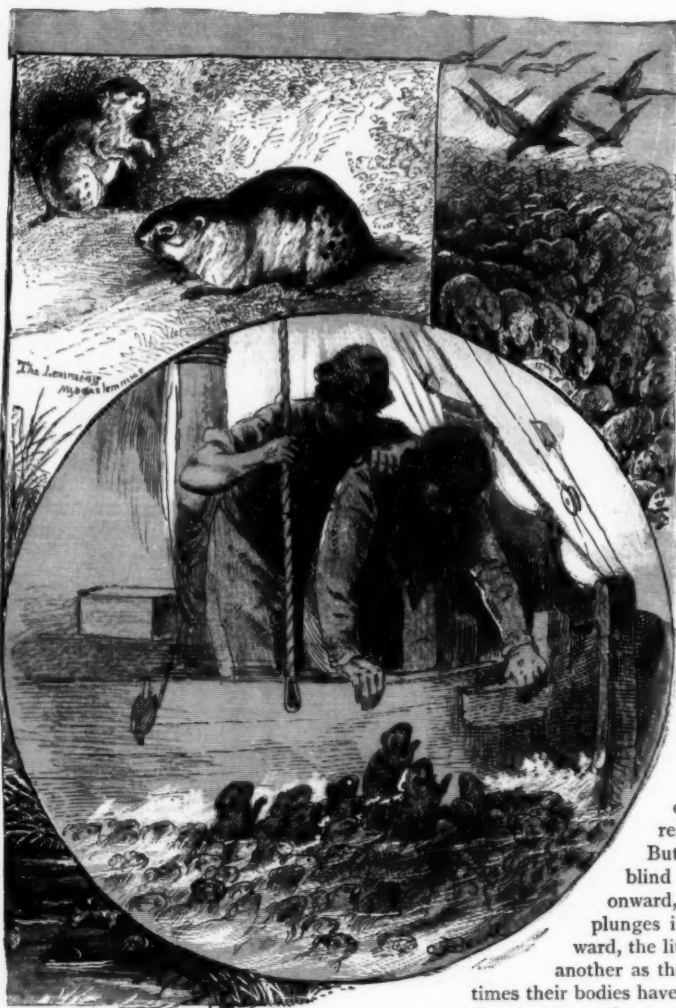
fessor Darwin met with a swarm of them ten miles at sea, off the Bay of San Blas, in Mexico. They covered the entire vessel, falling upon the deck in a continuous golden shower, until the sailors cried out that it was snowing butterflies. From the mast-

are near relatives of the short-tailed field-mouse, and are about five inches long, with round heads, brown fur, and bead-like eyes. Their home is in the highlands, or fells, of the great central mountain chain of Sweden and Norway, where they build nests of grass for their young. The lemmings are spiteful little creatures when aroused, sitting up on their hind legs and fighting with a will. Not only are they pugnacious, but extremely restless and migratory as well; and every five, ten, or twenty years they seem possessed by a desire to see foreign lands.

Thereupon, they one and all leave their settlements and start out in tens of thousands, overrun the cultivated tracts of land in both Norway and Sweden, and ruin the plants and vegetation. They march only at night, pressing on slowly in one straight course, and allow nothing to disturb them. Birds and various animals follow and prey upon them; but, notwithstanding this, they actually increase in numbers, gaining recruits as they advance. Rivers are swum and hills crossed, until, finally, the Atlantic or the Gulf of Bothnia is reached.

But, still impelled by the same blind instinct that has led it onward, the entire vast concourse plunges into the sea, swimming onward, the little animals piling one upon another as they are beaten back, until at times their bodies have formed veritable sea-walls. Boatmen returning to the beach have found their way obstructed by a struggling horde that has just reached the sea. The number of lemmings in these bands is beyond all computation. Sometimes the march is kept up for three years before the water is reached.

In warmer countries, the rats migrate in such numbers that the entire country through which



MIGRATION OF THE LEMMINGS.

head the end of this swarm was not discernible with a spy-glass.

Many of the larger animals move from place to place every season, changing their abode to suit the demands of their appetites. But the most marvelous invaders are the lemmings. They

they pass is sacked. In the Brazilian province of Parana, these armies take up their march about once in thirty years, owing apparently to the dying out of a bamboo, upon the seeds of which they feed. Gradually starved out, they start for other fields, their numbers being continually re-enforced as they advance. Nothing deters them; houses are entered and left bare, plantations are swept away by the onward march. In Ceylon, and in Chili also, the rats seek other homes for similar reasons.

A common and dreaded incursion in America is that of the army worms, the mysterious marches of which are the wonder of all beholders. One of these armies swept over the city of New Bedford a few years ago, destroying every blade of grass in its onward march; and the noise of its eating could be heard distinctly. A trench dug at the side of a field was filled in a few moments; impelled onward by blind instinct, the insects poured, a living cataract, into the tar placed below to receive them.

The most dreaded insect invader is the white ant. In Africa, their houses are dome-shaped mounds often eighteen feet high. These insects erect pyramids one thousand times higher than themselves! The ants on their travels so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend through a tunnel bored in another leg, all in one night. An officer of the English army while calling upon some ladies in Ceylon was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them; the roof had fallen in and lay all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed! The crash of the fall was distinctly heard all over the

city. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest shock.

Spiders sometimes are involuntary aerial invaders. Vessels have met them in myriads far out at sea, floating along suspended from web balloons of their own construction. They usually start simply to cross some stream. To accomplish this, the spider climbs upon a fence, a cliff, or other prominent object. Then it raises its body in the air and spins sometimes a single line of silk, sometimes several, so that even when there is no wind, the upward current of heated air alone is strong enough to bear away the tiny aeronaut over the river in its path. Then, perhaps, caught up by some stronger breeze, it is borne away over hills and forests far out to sea.

Fishes, too, travel for long distances, even crossing the Atlantic. The shad and herrings pass up the coast in millions every spring; the vast cod family move out into deep water in the summer, and in-shore during the winter. But, like the birds which take long journeys yearly, the fishes are nomads rather than invaders.

Often in the late autumn I have observed many of our Northern birds on the island of Tortugas, far out in the Gulf of Mexico, showing that they were moving southward over the sea. The pigeons present the most remarkable spectacle. Their columns are often miles in extent, and when alighting, they break down branches and even small trees. When in the air, their beating wings sound like the rushing of a whirlwind; the sun is darkened, and there seems to be a veritable rain of birds.

In many other animals is found this strange instinct that often leads them on, they know not where; perhaps to a better land, or perhaps, as with the lemmings, to a certain destruction.

CALLING THEM UP.

BY G. C.

"SHALL I go and call them up,-
Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup?"
Lisp'd the rain; "they've had a pleasant winter's
nap."
Lightly to their doors it crept,
Listened while they soundly slept,
Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!
Quickly woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!

Soon their windows opened wide,-
Everything astir inside;
Shining heads came peeping out, in frill and
cap;
"It was kind of you, dear Rain,"
Laughed they all, "to come again;
We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!
Only waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!"



BY ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, when your little great-grandfather was bedecked with ruffled breeches and large frilled collars, and your little great-grandmother's long skirts flapped about her heels, as did the long skirts of the lady whom she called "Honored Mamma," there was born to Great Britain and Ireland a robust princess named Charlotte Augusta. It was thought that a lovelier infant never graced the earth, though, to be sure, her complexion was of a mild scarlet, her nose was extremely pug, and her hair was chiefly remarkable for its scantiness. But then, she was the only child of George, Prince of Wales, the heir to the English throne. And under all monarchies it is considered to be a most desirable thing that there should be an unbroken line of rulers all eldest children of eldest children. Little Charlotte was a fat child, with a good loud voice of her own, and all loyal Britons were filled with rapture at the thought that some day she would exercise it in ruling over them.

For eight years Charlotte lived with her mother, who was a pretty and lively German princess, and who taught the little thing her letters. When Charlotte came to cast her letters into syllables, she had an imposing instructor, a clergyman of eminent learning and tremendous dignity. When she was n't repeating her a-b-abs, she was occupied in committing hymns to memory; so that when grave and reverend bishops and statesmen came to see her mother, the baby would perch on the Princess Caroline's knee, and say her hymns to their most respectful delight.

She was a generous little lass; and when she was seven years old she sat herself down and sewed up with stitches of extraordinary crookedness a bag to contain the money which she devoted to the poor. This agreeable bag she called, in the

lofty language of the time, "The purse of the afflicted." When the British public heard about this bag, it felt much happiness; and large companies of able-bodied beggars immediately proceeded to travel in the direction of the house wherein the young Princess dwelt.

For a person of only seven years' experience, her good sense was great, whenever her perversity did not carry her away. Her music-teacher, who was silly enough to think that a princess without flattery was like a duck without water, once highly commended her execution when she herself knew that it was faulty and deserved no praise at all. The room was filled with other people who held similar opinions about princesses and ducks; and all, when she appealed to them, declared that her Royal Highness had played in a manner to ravish the ears of angels. She knew better, but said no more at the moment. When Master Teacher came next morning for a lesson, however, he found his pay and a discharge ready for him; also a piece of advice from her little Highness, that "he should never indulge error in a pupil where he was employed to perfect the unskillful." Thus Charlotte showed her power of reasoning and her mastery of the English language, rebuked a flatterer, and procured for herself a very pleasant little vacation,—the finding of another suitable teacher being a work of time and deep British deliberation.

Though she had a bishop to instruct her, she was sometimes exceedingly naughty; and if she had not been a Royal Highness, would have been well whipped,—a blessing which the lower orders have always largely enjoyed. This kind and learned gentleman used often to give her lectures upon command of the passions, to which she listened sweetly, with the whites of her little eyes turned up and her little fat hands folded in the

most saintly fashion. But, one day, he was hardly gone, after delivering a long address on self-government and self-denial, when one of her attendants refused her something she wanted, and made her, in the language of wicked little girls, "as mad as hops." "At first," says a person describing the scene, "she only expostulated strongly"; but when a hasty and sharp retort was given to something she herself had said, instantly she turned the cock of the urn (they were at tea), and filling a cup with the boiling water, she dashed it full at the criminal! Mischievous was to pay now. The bishop was sent for.

ishing the "sweet acknowledgment" for her liberality with boiling water.

Sometimes, however, she remembered the good bishop's instructions more than half an hour after his departure, and commanded her passions in a more satisfactory manner.

One day, she was going through a desperately long lesson, and was quite exhausted when her teacher pronounced the joyful words, "That'll do." Up bounced Her Royal Highness. Alas! as I have said, those were the days when little girls' gowns flapped about their heels. The small Princess wore a train, and the learned doctor had



"Oh, my beloved, is it come to this? Well, well! I see I must discontinue my advice; that I see clearly; indeed I must!"

"No, no; pray don't, my lord!" (her eyes swimming in tears.) "Indeed, indeed, your lessons did me good; for them I am much obliged; and" (trying for a smile) "somebody else ought to feel obliged, too; for were it not" (said the sweet acknowledgment) "for the impressions of your goodness, somebody perhaps might not have come off so easily."

That was the way they talked about little princesses in those days; and nobody thought of pun-

unintentionally placed his foot on it. So when she bounced up from her chair, her favorite gown by her own movement was torn obliquely from the edge to the very top. The venerable doctor suffered much in his loyal feelings, and declared, for apology and consolation, that the rent would have been a small one if it had not fallen in with the direction of the thread, "whereby," said he, "it ran." Then said the little girl—and all the attendants laughed and roared when they heard of the witticism:

"I am sure, sir, it was none of your fault that it ran, for certainly you held it." And away she flew to her play.

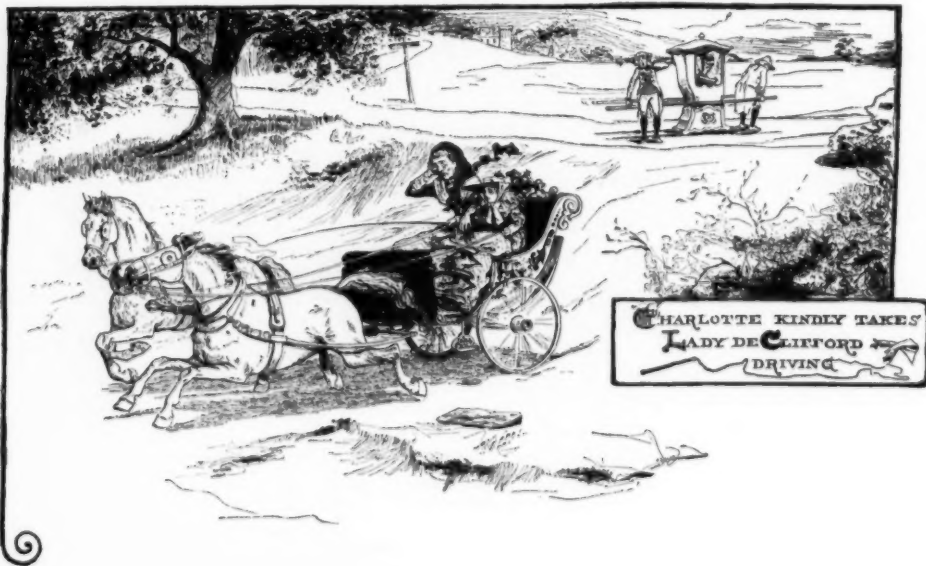
She had so extraordinary an affection for the Latin grammar that she became a model and a terror to all the schoolboys of the kingdom. She studied it so energetically that in eighteen months from the time she began the language she could translate the Latin Testament with accuracy and neatness. By way of special pleasure for Saturday mornings, she was made to recite from memory all the lessons of the foregoing week—an amusement which doubtless often put her in the boiling-water frame of mind. It was, perhaps, after these little recitations that she used to torment her timid attendant, Lady de Clifford. She would bundle this nice, nervous old lady into her wee carriage, and then whip up her white ponies, wheeling off into fields and driving them over all sorts of heights and hollows at the top of their speed. Poor Lady de Clifford would cry and scold, with terrified looks; but naughty Charlotte would only reply in an affable and patronizing manner:

and lackeys came crowding around, begging to know what was the matter; and Lady Elgin was so frightened she could hardly speak. As for the Princess, she shrieked, and sobbed, and spoiled her big hat and feathers in trying to hide her head on her governess's shoulder. When all were nearly out of their wits with dismay, "Oh!" she cried, "I have beat the turkey-cock!"

There was in the courtyard a turkey-cock of which she had long been afraid, and which had many a time put her to flight; but on this occasion the baby Princess, disdaining to run, had summoned all her courage, and kicked and pummeled her enemy until he was glad to escape.

When the British public heard of the turkey-cock battle, it went about all puffed up with pride, saying what a great and magnanimous queen this little pugilist was going to be.

Charlotte loved to be praised, but with discrimination,—which means that she did n't want *more*



"It is exercise, my Lady, exercise; there is nothing like exercise."

When Charlotte was a very little creature, the British public, which has always been very fond of pluck and valiant deeds, delighted in relating tales about her courage. For example: her governess was reading one day, when the door burst open and her little Highness came rushing in, out of breath; and gasping, "Oh, Lady Elgin! Lady Elgin!" fell into her lap. All the maids of honor

than an inch of marmalade on her bread. When any of her friends would say, "Sweet creature!"—which they very often did, especially if they wanted her to do them a favor,—she would turn up her little nose and ask:

"How; why do you call me sweet? I hope you have no thoughts of eating me."

And if anybody declared she was "a good girl," she always inquired:

"For what am I good? Tell me first what I

have done to make me good?" Then all the courtiers who heard her would say to one another, "What a beautiful thing humility is!"

Sturdy Charlotte never became Queen of England, for she died when she was a good-humored young lady of twenty-two; and from one end of the kingdom to the other the people mourned her early end. When her insane grandfather, George III., died, her father became King George IV., and an uncommonly bad and stupid king he was; though his people had a curious way of calling him

the "First Gentleman in Europe." Then, after he died, his brother, King William IV., reigned; and when he departed, their young niece Victoria ascended the throne which her poor little cousin Charlotte once hoped to fill. All loyal Britons are now celebrating Victoria's Jubilee — the fiftieth year of her rule. And a better queen than the kind Victoria has been it would be hard to find, — even in the land where good fairies reign, and their lordships, Mustard-seed and Cobweb, do the flattery.

THE PUPIL OF CIMABUE.

BY E. CAVAZZA.

A SHEPHERD boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

All through the day he played his pipe,
Or watched the wanderings of his sheep,
Or, when the pine-cone seeds were ripe,
He stored them like a squirrel's heap,
Or, half-awake and half-asleep,
He dreamed among the tangled vines.

Below him, shining in the sun,
Through Vespignano's verdant vale
He saw the slender rivulets run;
Above him, by the day made pale,
The moon, a phantom vessel, sail
Past reefs of cloud in rugged lines.

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

Of stray lost sheep or lonely lamb
Sometimes he heard the plaintive bleat.
Then he would answer, "Here I am,"
And on his pipe make music sweet,
And run to meet and gladly greet
The animal with friendly signs.

Once, as he sat beside a rock,
For his caress the favorite came,
The gentlest sheep of all the flock,
Shapely of form, full-fleeced and tame;
He stroked her head and spoke her name,
While in his mind grew grand designs.

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

"Can I not picture her?" he thought.
Then, satisfied with pats and praise,
The sheep a tuft of clover sought,

And with bent head began to graze;
The child, not moving from his place,
Upon the rock drew rapid lines.

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

And while the boy was busy still
With pencil made of sharpened slate,
A mounted man rode up the hill,
And seeing the child, he chose to wait
And watch the work — for he was great
In art, and knew Art's countersigns.

And when he saw, the task being done,
The sheep depicted faithfully,
Old Cimabue said, "My son,
Will you not come to live with me,
My pupil and my friend to be,
And leave your lonely Apennines?"

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

The boy, all blushing at his words,
Said, "Ah, my master, if I may!
My father, leading home his herds,
Comes even now along the way;
And I must do as he shall say —
His 'yes' accepts, his 'no' declines."

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

Right readily the father yields
His son the "yes" of his desire;
And Giotto left his upland fields
With heart and fancy all on fire
To climb the hill of Fame — far higher
Than any slope of Apennines.

THE SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

HUM! hum! I'm coming, coming.
Don't you hear me humming, humming,
Like some distant drummer drumming
His tired troops to sleep?
Rat-tat-tat, and hum-hum-hum,
Near, more near, I come, I come,
With some to dine, to sup with some,
With all a feast to keep.

Hum! hum! I'm coming, coming.
Don't you hear me humming, humming?
Don't you feel me thrumming, thrumming,
'Round and 'round your head?
I am choosing some fair place
In that field you call your face,
There to rest me for a space,
While supper shall be spread.

Hum! hum! How neat you are!
Hum! hum! How sweet you are!
Hum-m! hum-m! Too sweet by far!
I'll dally for a bit.

Try you there, and try you here;
Taste your chin, your cheek, your ear;
And that line of forehead near,
Ere settling down to it.

Hum! hum! You can not say
I sup and dine, and do not pay.
Behind me, when I go away,
Just here, and here, and here,
I'll leave a tiny, round, bright spot—
A brand-new coin, laid down red-hot,
In full return for all I got.
I pay most dear, most dear.

Hum! hum! I've supped, and rarely
And you still are sleeping fairly.
Hum-hum-hum! We twain part squarely,
All my dues I pay for.
One more taste, and one more sip,
From your eyelid, from your lip,
Then away I'll skip-skip-skip—
There's nothing more to stay for.

SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY.

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU.

THERE are two kinds of war in modern times: one is begun by governments, and carried on principally by armies, and in this the people of the countries have for the most part little concern; the other is war in which the people themselves take an active part. The civil war at the South was of the latter sort. After it was once begun, the population of the South were as profoundly interested as their own government, and bore as important a part. Nearly every grown white man in the Southern States was in the ranks; and the women and children and the few men who staid at home were, if anything, more in earnest than those who belonged to the army. The population, including the slaves, furnished supplies of every sort to those at the front: they made shoes and clothes and sometimes arms; they

plowed and reaped, and ground and baked, and forwarded food. Without them the armies of the South could not have been maintained.

The Valley of Virginia was the great farm-ground and storehouse for Lee's army. It is an unusually fertile region, two hundred miles long, and fifty wide, lying between the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge Mountains, and extending from the Potomac on the north to the James River on the south. Here the crops were raised that fed the defenders of Richmond. Here the saddles and harnesses for Lee's cavalry were made; here were the gun-stock factories, the shoe-shops, the cloth-mills, the furnaces and foundries that furnished his munitions of war. The Valley is full of good roads along which an army can march rapidly, and it had been the avenue by which the Southern

commanders had several times invaded the North. For, walled in by lofty mountains on the right and left, the Confederates could, at any time, move suddenly and easily to the Potomac River without being discovered by the great Union force a hundred miles eastward in Virginia.

In the summer of 1864 Lee sent General Jubal A. Early northward through this Valley with nearly thirty thousand men, while all of Grant's army was engaged before Richmond. The Southerners emerged from the Valley at Harper's Ferry, entered Maryland, and even penetrated Pennsylvania, but finally turned and approached within seven miles of Washington. Their guns could be heard at the Capitol, and the President could almost perceive their pickets from the White House windows. The greatest alarm prevailed at the North. The President and the Secretary of War sent urgent messages to Grant, who, however, knew that this was an attempt of Lee to divert him from the campaign against Richmond, and he refused to remove his army to the Potomac. Washington was well fortified, and Grant did not think it in serious danger. Nevertheless, he sent re-enforcements which proved sufficient, and the Confederates fell back to the point where the Potomac crosses the northern entrance to the Valley.

There, however, they remained, a menace and a mortification to the North. Repeated efforts were made to expel them from the position. Various commands and commanders were sent against them, but they held their ground, till the country became anxious and angry. Finally, Grant placed General Philip H. Sheridan at the head of all the troops opposed to Early. Sheridan had never before commanded an independent army, and the Government was not inclined to put much confidence in his ability. Grant was aware of this, and said nothing of his intention to the President or the Secretary of War. He went himself to the army in front of Early, and then sent for Sheridan and placed him in command. Then he explained to the new general his task.

First of all, Sheridan was to put himself south of the enemy. This would be sure to dislodge them, for it would threaten their communications with their rear; and the great aim of every general in modern war is to threaten the rear of his enemies, — to cut them off from communication with their friends. When you can do this, you have half won the game. Next, Sheridan was to fight and follow Early to the death.

"Wherever the enemy goes," said Grant, "let our troops go also. Once started up the Valley, they ought to be followed till we get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad," — a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. Next, he was to con-

sume or destroy everything eatable by man or beast in the Valley.

"Eat out Virginia," said Grant again, "so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provender with them."

The luxuriant harvests of the region, as I have shown, had filled the storehouses of Richmond. To obtain these stores and supplies had been one main object of Early's campaign. Indeed, that commander used his troops as farmers when they were not fighting or marching. They reaped and threshed the grain; and while one portion of his force was actually engaged in battle, another, close in the rear, was sometimes grinding corn. The certainty of obtaining these stores enabled the Southerners to send troops into the Valley without provisions, except such as they obtained on their way or after their arrival. Grant determined to put an end to all this; to protect Washington; to drive off the bold antagonist who had alarmed the North; and — quite as important — to seize and strip the rich Valley where that antagonist had found his supplies; to prevent further invasion by making it impossible for an army to live in the region. For the Southerners could send no supplies to the Valley; it was as much as they could do to feed the troops at Richmond. The Valley itself was the granary on which they depended, and when that was exhausted, they had no means to fill it from the outside.

Now, Grant believed that the war at the South could not be ended solely by fighting. It was his policy to destroy whatever supported the armies; to kill all the men; to consume all the food, and to break up all the roads by which further supplies could be brought. There was plenty of fighting — as many and fierce battles in the same space of time as the world ever saw; but the struggle was between men of the same race, equally brave, equally in earnest; and the only way to conquer, according to Grant, was to attack the people as well as the armies. One great means was the destruction of the supplies in the Valley of Virginia. But the supplies were ably and bravely defended, and before they could be destroyed the defenders must be beaten. This was Sheridan's first task.

He was just thirty-three years of age — the very prime of life for a soldier; for after forty no man is so fit for war as before, so full of spirit and vigor and endurance — and all these are qualities of mind or body essential in a great commander. "Old men for counsel, young men for action," says the proverb, truly. But Sheridan was not only full of energy; his judgment was clear, which every one can see is also important in a general. His decision too was quick, and this, if possible, is more

important still; for in the turmoil of battle there is not time to consider long. As well decide wrong, as decide too late. Sheridan had experience of war, he had skill, he had undaunted courage. By cour-

on either side in the war had more of this personal magnetism than Sheridan. In battle, he stood in his stirrups, waving his hat and brandishing his sword, and shouting to his men. His eyes flashed,



"THE ARMY CARRIED OFF ALL THE HORSES, CATTLE, AND MULES."

age I do not mean merely the trait which enables a man to stand fire without running away, but the fearlessness to take great risks, to send his men into battle knowing that if he lost, he lost all—his own fame, the lives of his troops, the future, perhaps, of his country. Many a brave man shrinks in the presence of such possibilities. But this sort of daring is indispensable in a great soldier; and this Sheridan possessed.

He also had a sympathetic nature that attracted men, gave him a great influence over them, and made them love him and follow him. No soldier

his face shone, and wounded men went on after they had been shot, because he commanded them. He ordered the bands to play, and led the front line himself with the colors in his hand, and the example was contagious. Such a man was almost sure to lead his troops to victory.

For six weeks the new commander moved cautiously about at the entrance to the Valley; for Sheridan was wary as well as active. His force was little, if any, larger than Early's, and great things hung on his success. It was important to give the enemy no chance, yet a single mis-

move might leave open the road to Washington. Besides this, he was hampered by the fact that his own movements depended on those of other armies a hundred miles away. He was to drive Early, it is true, but, at the same time, to hold him from rejoining Lee, so that Grant might not find his enemy too strong in front of Richmond; for modern war is like a great chess-board, and Sheridan and Early were the knights in the game, moving suddenly, leaping, as it were, from one point to another, but each under the control of a hand that moved every piece on its own side in the game.

Finally, the country and the government became impatient, as those often are who look at war from afar, not knowing the plans or prospects of commanders or, sometimes, the real situation. Grant therefore went to see Sheridan,

asked Sheridan, on a Friday, if he could be ready to fight by Tuesday; and Sheridan said he would be ready by Monday morning. So Grant went off on Sunday, to let Sheridan fight in his own way, and get all the glory if he won.

At this very time Early unwisely divided his army, sending nearly a third to a point some twenty miles away. Sheridan at once detected the blunder, and determined to attack the opposing forces while they were divided, which is always good strategy. In fact, one great object of generalship is to divide your enemy, and fall upon one of his divisions with your own united force. This was one of Napoleon's frequent maneuvers. But Early divided his troops himself in the very presence of Sheridan.

The two armies were facing each other, a little east of the town of Winchester, and Sheridan



THE CROPS WERE DESTROYED AND THE MILLS WERE BURNED. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and talked with him of the position of affairs. He took a plan of battle with him, in his pocket, but he found Sheridan understood so well what he had to do, that he told him to fight as he had intended, and never showed him the plan. He

moved forward the greater part of his command, holding one division in reserve, to be used at the crisis. Early learned that Grant had been with Sheridan, and judging from this that a battle was probable, recalled the detachment he had sent

away. It returned in the midst of the battle, and proved an important re-enforcement, driving Sheridan back from the ground he at first had gained. Then, however, Sheridan brought up his reserves on his own right, and wheeled them around to envelop Early's left, while the Northern cavalry moved at the same time on the opposite flank. The double force approached with terrible vigor, and the spectacle to the enemy was tremendous. Crowded in on both flanks, overlapped on the left, with Sheridan's cavalry charging into them on the right, they fell into confusion. Their lines were broken in every direction, and as Sheridan said in his famous dispatch, he "sent them whirling through Winchester." Early lost 4500 men, of whom 2500 were prisoners. "The result," said Grant, "was such that I never afterward thought it necessary to visit Sheridan before giving him orders."

Sheridan pushed on without stopping. There are generals who are content with winning a victory. They sit down and rest, and let the enemy move leisurely off to prepare for another contest. Such generals may win battles, but they lose campaigns. Sheridan was not of that sort; he chased Early hard for twenty or thirty miles, which is a great march for infantry at any time, and after a battle it was wonderful. But it is surprising what men can do when they must. A beaten army under the spur of pursuit can march incredibly fast; while the victors, enthusiastic and aglow with success, will make such time as under ordinary circumstances would be thought impossible. So Early fled and Sheridan followed nearly thirty miles in twenty-four hours.

The battle of Winchester lasted till dark on the 19th of September, and on the evening of the 20th Sheridan came up with Early at Fisher's Hill. At this point the mountains approach so close that the Valley is only three miles across; and here behind a rapid stream, called Tumbling River, the Southerners had erected a line of breastworks. Early thought himself so safe with mountains protecting either flank, and a stream in front, that he unloaded his ammunition-boxes and placed them behind his breastworks. But he did not even yet know his enemy.

On the morning of the 21st, Sheridan began his preparations for another assault. He liked the maneuver he had performed at Winchester so well that he determined to try it again. He concealed a portion of his command under Crook in the woods on the western mountain, and at daylight of the 22d moved ostentatiously forward with his main body against the enemy's center. While Early was preparing to resist this advance Sheridan hurled Crook suddenly from the western hills against the Confederate left. Thus taken in flank,

the Southerners gave way, for no soldiers will long resist a heavy attack on their flank, which they can not return—they must fight face to face with the enemy; and Early's line crumbled under the assault; Crook was actually behind the defenses. At the same time Sheridan's center advanced, and between two fires the Southern army was almost destroyed. Sheridan took possession of the works while Early fled in confusion. Sixteen cannon were left on the ground, and sixteen hundred prisoners surrendered in the open field. Of those who fled, many left their muskets behind them. The rout was complete.

The pursuit continued during the night, and on the following day Sheridan drove the enemy quite out of the narrow valley into the gaps of the Blue Ridge Mountains, while his troops took possession of the country a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. The effect of these victories was prodigious. The whole North rang with applause, and Sheridan became one of the most conspicuous and popular of the Union generals. On the other hand, Early was censured by Lee; his soldiers remained panic-stricken for days, and the Richmond mob painted on the cannon ordered to his support, "For General Sheridan, care of General Early."

It was now time for Sheridan to carry out Grant's second set of orders. He had "followed the enemy to the death," had "got south of them," had driven them out of the coveted region, and relieved the North from all fear of invasion by the Valley; now he was ready to begin the destruction of supplies. Grant did not desire to retain a large force in the Valley, but, in order to make it safe to withdraw Sheridan, it was necessary to ravage the country, so that no other Southern army could remain there and live. For I can not too often remind young readers that armies must be fed; and Lee's army was fed from this Valley. It was his great granary. Sheridan therefore devastated the whole country between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. It was very terrible, but it was war; and the cruellest war is sometimes the most merciful, for it is surer to be short. One side or the other must give way.

Accordingly, Sheridan carried off all the cattle, horses, and mules; he burnt all the mills, as well as destroyed all the crops, so that not only the present supplies were annihilated, but it was impossible to raise more; even the negroes were carried off, that planting might be impracticable, for there were none but negroes who could plant; all the white men were in the army. So complete a destruction of the resources of a country has hardly been known in modern warfare, but it answered its purpose, and helped to end the war.

The people suffered, but I began by telling that this was a people's war. The South had a right to make it such; one can not but admire their pluck in doing so; but they risked the consequence. If you deal hard blows, you must expect them. The Southern people fought the North, and Grant and Sheridan fought the Southern people as well as the Southern armies.

But the very success with which this plan was carried out made it impossible for Sheridan himself to remain in the region. All forage and grain south of him had been sent to Lee; all the rest Sheridan himself had consumed or destroyed. He was a hundred miles from his base, and supplies could not be brought up rapidly enough to enable

Sheridan, meanwhile, had begun his backward march, "stretching the cavalry across the Valley from the Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, with directions to burn all forage and barns, and drive off all stock as they moved." It was a march of terror to the inhabitants. The country was literally cleared as with fire, and absolutely nothing was left on the ground for the subsistence of an army. Dwelling-houses, however, were not burned, and the population were unharmed, unless they molested or misled the troops.

On the 9th of October, Early came up with the cavalry at a place called Tom's Brook, near the site of the battle of Fisher's Hill; but Torbert, at



"FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS! FACE THE OTHER WAY!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

him to penetrate farther. There was no alternative but to retrace his steps.

Lee, however, could not yet make up his mind to abandon this important territory; he determined to make one more effort to recover it. Early had not absolutely crossed the Blue Ridge, but had only fled to its western base, and Lee now re-enforced him with ten thousand men, and ordered him to return.

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the head of Sheridan's horse, turned and routed the Southern cavalry, capturing eleven guns, the forges for the batteries, the wagons for headquarters, and everything else that was carried on wheels. The enemy were followed "on the jump" twenty-six miles, over a mountain and across a river. Sheridan had now captured thirty-six cannon since the 19th of September. Some of this artillery was new and had never been

used. It had evidently just been sent from Richmond; "for General Sheridan, care of General Early."

After this affair, the victorious general continued his northward march. Early remained quiet for several days after his third defeat, and then followed at a respectful distance. On the 13th of October, Sheridan was summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, who desired to consult him about the further movements of the campaign. On the 15th he started for the capital, leaving his army, under the command of General Wright, entrenched on the northern side of Cedar Creek, a stream that runs entirely across the Valley, near Strasburg and Fisher's Hill.

Early, meanwhile, was preparing for a desperate effort, and on the night of the 18th of October,

o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little, he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as this in their terror. The trains of wagons were rushing by, horses and drivers all in confusion, for there is no worse turmoil in this world than the flight and wreck of a beaten army. Sheridan had never seen his own men in this condition before.

He at once ordered the trains to be halted, and sent for a brigade of troops from Winchester; these he posted across the road to prevent further straggling. Then he called for an escort of twenty men, and, directing his staff to stem the torrent as well as they could, he set off himself for the battle-field. He rode straight into the throng of fugitives, in a splendid passion of wrath and determination, spurring his horse and swinging his hat as he passed, and calling to the men:

"Face the other way, boys! Face the other way!"

Hundreds turned at the appeal, and followed him with cheers, for they all knew Sheridan.

It was ten o'clock before he reached the field. There he rode about hurriedly, glanced at the position, and at once determined upon his course. He re-arranged the line of those who were still unbeaten, and then went back to bring up the panic-stricken remainder. And now his presence and personal influence told. He was in the full uniform of a major-

general, mounted on a magnificent black horse, man and beast covered with dust and flecked with foam; he rose again in his stirrups, he drew his sword, he waved his hat, and shouted to his soldiers:

"If I had been here, this never would have happened. Face the other way, boys! We are going back!"

The flying soldiers were struck with shame when they heard him shout and saw his face blazing with rage and courage and eagerness for them. They took up his cry themselves, "Face the other way!" It went on from one to another for miles—from crowd to crowd—and they obeyed the command. As the swelling shout went on, the surging crowd returned. They faced the other way, and, along the very road which a cower-



SHERIDAN'S HORSE.

he moved against Sheridan's army. Crossing the river in the darkness, he crept unobserved under the Union guns, attacked the army at day-break, and drove in the left, capturing eighteen guns and a thousand prisoners. This part of the command was absolutely routed. The right remained unbroken, but the whole army was forced back a distance of six or seven miles; many of the troops were in a deplorable condition, the infantry not even keeping together as companies. It was a mob, not an army.

Sheridan had left Washington on the morning of the 18th, by train, and passed the night at Winchester, twenty miles north of the battle-field. On the morning of the 19th, he heard the firing of cannon, and sent out to inquire the cause, but was told it came from a reconnaissance. At nine

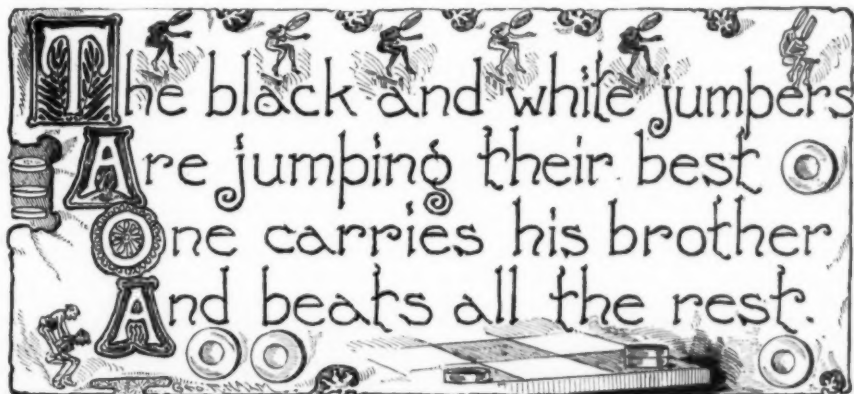
ing mob had taken three hours before, the same men marched, with the tread of soldiers, to meet the enemy. They knew now that they were led to victory.

He led them to their place; he re-formed the whole line, and a breastwork of rails and logs was thrown up—just in time. As Sheridan reached the front he could see the enemy moving to the attack; but now he was prepared. The assault was heavy, but the men stood their ground, and this time it was Early's troops that broke. Then Sheridan advanced, and over the same ground where his army had been defeated in the morning, he pursued a shrinking enemy; recaptured every cannon that had been lost, drove the Southerners across the creek, found a ford where the river turned, got among the wagons and made the pursuit a rout. Early tried to rally his men at Fisher's Hill, where he had fought a few days before, but all in vain: there was no organization left; he could not form them into line. Two thousand made their way to the mountains, and for ten miles the road was covered with small arms, blankets, knapsacks, and wounded men—the fragments of a flying army. Sheridan captured twenty-four pieces of artillery, besides all that had been lost in the morning; sixteen hundred prisoners were taken; and Early lost eighteen hundred and sixty killed and wounded. His command was in worse condition than at Winchester or Fisher's Hill.

This battle ended the campaign in the Valley; the Southerners never again attempted to invade the North, and Sheridan's men marched in whatever direction they chose, for there was no one to oppose them. The country was so bare that not a thousand men could have found forage west of the Blue Ridge, and Lee abandoned all hope of retaining or recovering the region. Shortly after this, he broke up Early's army, leaving him only one division of infantry and the cavalry. Early, indeed, was never intrusted with an important command again. As it was unnecessary for Grant to retain any large force in the Valley, the greater part of Sheridan's army was sent elsewhere.

It was only eleven weeks since Sheridan had entered the Valley, and in this period he had fought three pitched battles, besides directing an important cavalry encounter,—and every one was a complete victory. He had captured sixty guns in the open field, and retaken eleven at Cedar Creek; he sent to Washington forty-nine battle-flags of the enemy, and his officers took the names of thirteen thousand prisoners. Early must have lost at least as many more men in killed and wounded, while his deserters and stragglers filled the forests and farm-houses of the Valley.

The object of the campaign was as thoroughly accomplished as in any series of movements in the war, and Sheridan will always be known in history as the Hero of the Valley.



JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRISONER AND THE WITNESS.

IKEY was in great distress of mind when he saw by the movements of the officers that the court was about to be opened, and Duddy had not put in an appearance. He had an idea that Pinney's case would be the first one disposed of, and he brought himself to believe that his brother director would be tried, convicted, sentenced, and sent to prison before the arrival of their lawyer.

It was while he was racking his brain in vain to find some excuse for Duddy's prolonged absence, that the prisoners were brought into the cage which is dignified by the name of "dock," and then it was that Ikey saw his friend. Poor Pinney! He was driven in with a crowd of men and women, much as if he was one of a flock of sheep, and he looked thoroughly wretched. His face and hands were grimy, his clothing dusty, his hair tangled, and the course of the tears down his cheeks showed plainly where the dirt had been washed away in tiny stripes. As he entered the room he looked eagerly about until he saw Ikey, who winked vigorously in greeting; and then he turned his head as if he were ashamed of the company he was in, as well as of himself.

It was in vain that Master Jarvis went through a series of pantomimic gestures intended to convey to the prisoner the fact that all the boys were working to aid him; for Pinney persistently refused to look toward his friend again, very much to Ikey's disappointment.

Not until after several cases had been disposed of did Duddy finally make his appearance, followed by a pleasant-looking, elderly gentleman; and from the smile on Master Foss's face, it was evident that he was highly elated with his success in finding a lawyer.

"I've found a regular swell!" he whispered to Ikey as he tried to crowd himself into the few inches of space his friend had been working hard to reserve for him. "I went to see as many as twenty, but they would n't have anything to say to me; so I walked 'way down town to a man I sell papers to; he made me tell him everything first—that's what kept me so long—an' then he said he guessed he could fix it up all right. I would n't wonder if he went in an' yanked Pinney out the very first thing."

Ikey looked earnestly at the gentleman a few moments, and seeing that he showed no disposition to "yank" Pinney from among the other prisoners, he whispered:

"Did you give him the money?"

"No; he said he'd wait to see what he could do, before he took it."

"Does he know that we'll pay all he wants, if he gets Pinney out o' the scrape?"

"Of course! I told him that before he came down."

Much to the surprise and disappointment of both boys, the lawyer did not exert himself as they had expected. Instead of demanding at once that Pinney be discharged, and appearing angry because the lad had been arrested, he walked behind the railing where the court officers were seated, and entered into conversation with them.

"I don't believe he's goin' to do a thing," Ikey whispered indignantly.

"He's not worth much," replied Duddy with a look of painful surprise. "I thought he'd clean the whole place out; he acts as if he did n't care a cent what happens."

Before Ikey could reply, Tom arrived with another handful of pennies, which he delivered to the treasurer.

"Did you find a lawyer?" he asked.

"Yes; there he is—over there," said Duddy, pointing to where the gentleman, whom he believed was neglecting his business, had seated himself.

"Why don't he go to work an' get Pinney out?" Tom asked, after he had taken a deliberate survey of the legal gentleman.

"That's jest what we don't know," answered Duddy uneasily. "He told me he'd see to everything, an' now he's talkin' to the fellers behind the railin' as chipper as if they were chums o' his. I wish I'd got somebody else."

Greatly as the boys regretted the inactivity of the lawyer whom they had employed, they knew very well that it was too late to try to get another, and Duddy settled himself back into the very narrow portion of bench allotted him, feeling that poor Pinney's case was now hopeless indeed. It was while Tom was trying to decide whether he would better show the second handful of pennies as a means of arousing the attorney into some decisive action, that the name of Alpenna White was called; and little Pinney, escorted by a very

large policeman, was led in front of the judge's desk.

Tom, Duddy, and Ikey did their best to hear what was said, but it was impossible for them to distinguish a word. And it did not in the least appear as if the lawyer was trying to effect Pinney's release. On the contrary, he seemed to be chatting pleasantly with the judge on some subject that had no connection with the discharge of the weeping and thoroughly frightened boarding-house director.

It was not many moments, however, before they learned that the lawyer was really doing what he had promised; for suddenly the conversation ceased, and one of the officers asked:

"Is Isaac Jarvis in the room?"

Now, of course Ikey was there; but his attention was so closely devoted to Pinney, and the name of Isaac was so unfamiliar to him, that he made no reply, for the simple reason that he had not the slightest idea that they were speaking of or to him.

The officer repeated the question; but none of the three directors of Jenny's boarding-house gave any heed to it, until Pinney cried out:

"Ikey! Ikey! Why don't you come up here?"

Master Jarvis was on his feet in an instant, looking quite as frightened as the prisoner, and wholly at a loss what to do.

"Come this way," said the judge; and with his knees very shaky, and his lips rather pale, Ikey walked toward the witness-stand. He recovered his composure somewhat when he saw that both the judge and the lawyer were regarding him kindly.

"Were you with the prisoner yesterday afternoon?" asked the judge.

It was several seconds before Master Jarvis understood that Pinney was the person referred to, and then he succeeded in saying, in a rather awkward fashion:

"Yes; you see, I had to be with him 'cause I'm the treasurer, an' I had to pay the money."

"Pay what money?" asked the judge, looking quite surprised at what appeared to be a new phase in the case.

"Why, the money for November," and Ikey was astonished that the officers of the court were not better informed regarding the matter.

"What reason had you for paying money in November?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, you see he was very sick; any way, that's what Jenny said, and we fellers raised money to buy the stuff that Pinney said would cure him."

"Who is Pinney?" asked the judge.

Duddy started to his feet, thoroughly astonished at this singular condition of affairs—the officers of the court were actually ignorant of the name of their prisoner!

"There he is!" said Ikey, pointing to the sorrowful-looking boy, who seemed even smaller than usual by contrast with the huge officer.

Duddy sat down again.

"And who is November?"

"He's the baby we found on the doorstep, when we first opened the boardin'-house."

"Now tell us just what you did yesterday afternoon," said the judge, who thought it desirable to arrive at the facts of the case before the witness had time to introduce any more characters into his story.

"We were doin' nothin', 'cause first the baby was sick, an' then Pinney was 'rested. An' I've done nothin' to-day, 'cause I had to come here with Duddy."

"You were with the prisoner a short time before he was arrested, were you not?" the lawyer asked.

"I went with him to get our money for the medicine that Jenny's mother would n't let us give November; but when we had a chance to earn a dollar for doin' a errand, I went where the other fellers was, so 's to tell 'em that Pinney would give back what they 'd put up for the stuff. You see, it was n't any good, an' Pinney was goin' to lose it all himself, 'cause he 'd been the one that wanted the rest of us to buy it."

Ikey had lost his diffident manner, and spoke very rapidly until he saw that many in the room, even including the judge, were laughing; then he stopped suddenly, his face growing quite red.

"Tell us about the prisoner's going on this errand you speak of. Who —"

"I don't know anythin' 'bout that," interrupted Ikey; "'cause, you see, I had to hold the bottle an' let the other fellers know where Pinney was. Sam says —"

"Never mind about anybody but the prisoner." The lawyer seemed to be trying to keep from laughing and to look stern at the same time. "Who asked the prisoner to do the errand?"

"I don't know who he was. I never saw him before. The man that sold the medicine would n't give the money back, an' I know Pinney did n't get the dollar, 'cause if I had the bottle, how *could* he get it?"

"Now, answer my questions, Isaac, and don't try to tell your story until we are ready to hear it." This time the lawyer spoke so gravely that Master Jarvis was silenced at once. "Who asked Pinney to do the errand? Was it a man or a woman? And what was said?"

"There was n't anythin' said," replied Ikey,

looking as solemn as possible, but fully determined to prove at the first opportunity that Pinney did not receive any money from the druggist. "We was jest walkin' along when the man asked us if we wanted to earn a dollar, an' Pinney jumped for the chance, 'cause, you see, that was jest what the medicine cost, an' the man had said he would n't give us the money back, anyhow."

By this time nearly every one in the court-room, except the prisoner and his friends, appeared to be very much amused, and it was some moments before the examination could be proceeded with. But after one of the court officers had loudly commanded silence, the lawyer asked:

"Do you know why the prisoner was arrested?"

"I know he did n't get the money back from the man, 'cause I had the bottle all the time, so how could he?"

Ikey was thoroughly in earnest in his effort to prove that Pinney did not receive the money from the druggist, and was totally at a loss to understand why it was that every one seemed to think so serious a matter comical.

"Let me explain the case, and then perhaps we can persuade you to drop the question of medicine," said the judge. "Pinney has been arrested for having stolen goods in his possession, and all we want to know from you is what passed between him and the person who hired him to do the errand. Tell us all that was said or done at the time you left him."

Ikey was bewildered. He had fully made up his mind that the arrest had been caused in some way by the attempt to get back the money which had been paid for the medicine. It was difficult for him to realize that that transaction had nothing to do with Pinney's imprisonment.

After many questions had been asked, Ikey succeeded in relating the facts concerning Pinney's employment by the stranger; and then the witness was allowed to go back to his seat, while the case was continued in the same quiet and confidential manner in which it had begun. The boys could not understand what was going on; but, from what they had already heard, they concluded that the gentleman whom they had employed to defend Pinney was really doing his duty.

After a short time the directors could see that the judge was questioning the prisoner; and in a few moments more they were astonished and overjoyed at seeing Alpenna White walk out from behind the railing—a free boy. It is really surprising that they did not forget where they were, and give vent to their joy in cheers.

Eager to get away from everything that would serve to remind him of his imprisonment, Pinney walked out of the court-room as rapidly as possible,

as if he was afraid some one might attempt to carry him back to the jail. His three friends followed him closely; and once out of doors, they made up for their enforced silence in the court-room by shouting and yelling in a manner that was truly deafening.

"Let's march him down town so's all the fellers can see him," suggested Tom, as he seized Pinney by the arm; "then we'll go home an' give him about as high a time as he ever had."

"How is November?" asked Pinney, resisting Tom's efforts to drag him along, and speaking for the first time since he had been released.

"He's gettin' better, an' I guess he'll be jest as bright as ever in a day or two. But, come on! Let's find the other fellers," cried Tom, grabbing Pinney's right arm.

"See here, are you goin' off without squarin' things with the lawyer?" asked Duddy, as he clutched Pinney by the left arm, pulling as hard in one direction as Tom did in the other.

"Gracious! I forgot all about him," exclaimed Ikey.

"He'll be out pretty soon, an' then we'll know how much we've got to pay. I'm going to have him come up to the house some night to dinner, 'cause he made me tell him all about it, an' asked particularly after Jenny."

Neither of the directors had an opportunity to protest against such hospitality on the part of Duddy, even had they been so disposed; for at that moment the gentleman came down the steps. While he was yet some distance away, Ikey cried:

"Say, Mister, how much do we owe you for gettin' Pinney out?"

"How much money have you?" asked the gentleman with a kindly smile.

"I don't know exactly; but you sit down on the steps an' we'll count it. If there is n't enough here we can get more from the fellers."

"That's what I said," and Duddy spoke a trifle impatiently. "Jest count him out what you've got, an' he'll tell us how much more he wants."

"You need n't take that trouble," said the lawyer, who evidently did not intend to accept Ikey's invitation to sit on the steps. "You shall pay me by bringing the morning papers to my office every day for a week. That will satisfy all of us, I fancy."

"Do you mean that's all the pay you want?" Duddy looked really disappointed because the price was so ridiculously small.

"You will need all your money to get your boarding-house well started, and it would be hardly right for me to take anything more than the papers for what I have done, since your friend would have been released even if I had not been here to de-

fend him. The judge has taken his address, and he may be called upon to identify the man who sent him on the errand, in case the police succeed in capturing the rogue. You need not be frightened if an officer should come after him and your treasurer some day."

"Say, mister," said Ikey, with a look of perplexity, "won't you tell us what Pinney was 'rested for? I thought it was 'cause he tried to get the money back for the medicine."

"The man you met on the street hired him to carry some stolen papers to the owner, who had advertised for them, and who had promised a reward. The man hired Pinney because he was afraid that the officers were watching for him. He made his escape when he saw that the police had done such a bungling piece of work as to arrest the innocent messenger, instead of waiting until the thief had come to receive the money which the owner of the papers was to pay. Pinney had done nothing wrong; he was simply unfortunate in having been selected as a messenger by the rogue. Here is my card. Bring me the morning papers for a week, and some day, when we all have leisure, come and tell me how the boarding-house prospers."

Before the boys had time even to thank him, the lawyer walked rapidly away, leaving Duddy trying to spell out the address that was printed in curiously formed letters on a small oblong of pasteboard:

F. J. Barstom.

241 Broadway.

"I can't seem to get the hang of that kind of printin'," said Duddy; "but, whatever his name is, he's a good feller, an' if he don't get papers for more 'n a week, it 'll be 'cause I 've forgotten how to d'liver 'em."

"We 'll take turns carryin' 'em to him all winter," said Tom with excitement. "An' if he *will* come up to the house to dinner, we 'll s'prise him with the good things that we 'll set up. Now come down town, 'cause all the fellers will be wantin' to know if Pinney 's out."

The boys started off at full speed, the look of fear rapidly disappearing from Master White's face as he left the gloomy Tombs building behind him. In a short time they were the center of an admiring and curious crowd, every one of whom was asking questions in his loudest tones, until it was impossible to distinguish a single word, so great was the confusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRE.

WHEN the curiosity of the newsdealers had been in a measure satisfied, Master White's greatest desire was to go home; for he not only wanted to see November, but he was anxious to prove to Mrs. Parsons and Jenny that he was not guilty of the charge upon which he had been arrested. But when he tried to slip quietly away with Ikey and Tom, he found that his newsboy friends and acquaintances had no idea of parting with him so soon. They at once made known their intention of accompanying him to Jenny's boarding-house, much to the disgust of all the stockholders, who had every reason to believe that Mrs. Parsons would not be particularly well pleased at seeing so many visitors. Pinney could not protest against such a mark of attention, since it was to be done in his honor; but Duddy said promptly:

"Pinney wants you all to go up with him, of course; but you see he can't ask you to come inter the house, 'cause November 's sick."

"We 'll 'scort him up to the house, any way," replied one of his admiring friends; and Pinney could only submit with the best grace possible.

When the party first set out, there was a faint attempt to form a regular line of march; but, owing to the crowds on the sidewalks, the boys were obliged to move along as best they might, and looked decidedly more like a mob than a triumphal procession. Most of them were feeling very happy over Pinney's fortunate escape; and, although they did not realize it, they were making a terrible din when they arrived in front of the boarding-house.

Had Pinney come alone, or with only one or two of his friends, Mrs. Parsons would have shown how delighted she was at his release, for the old lady had a real affection for the boy whose zeal so often got him into trouble. But she had just succeeded in rocking November to sleep; the noise which the boys outside were making caused her to feel slightly provoked; and what she said when Pinney, Duddy, and the other directors entered the room, was: "So you succeeded in getting into another scrape, did you?"

"Yes 'm," replied Pinney meekly; "but I had n't done anything wrong, so the judge let me go."

"Of course you had n't done wrong," exclaimed Jenny. "Mother don't mean anything when she talks like that, for she 's as glad as I am to see you back safe and sound."

"Yes, I 'm glad to see you back again, Pinney White," said the old lady, looking doubtfully over

her spectacles at the crowd of boys outside. "I don't believe you *would*, on purpose, do anything to be arrested for, but you certainly manage to get into more trouble than any boy I ever saw."

"I s'pose I do," was the reply.

Then Jenny insisted on knowing the particulars

'em?" said Duddy, glancing apprehensively toward the door of the sitting-room as he spoke. November's loud cries proved that the inmates of the front room had heard the uproar; and the hearts of the directors sunk at the scolding in store for them from the old lady.



"HOW MUCH DO WE OWE YOU FOR GETTIN' PINNEY OUT?"

of the arrest and trial; and Ikey, Tom, and Pinney all began to tell the story, making such an uproar that Mrs. Parsons sent them into the kitchen lest they should awaken November. They finally succeeded in quieting down sufficiently to give a coherent account of the day's events, and Jenny was about to have a business chat with them, when all were startled by a loud and prolonged shout from the outside.

"That 's the fellers, an' *what* shall we do with

"What are they waiting out there for?" asked Jenny, in surprise.

"Well, you see, they 'scorted Pinney 'round here," said Duddy, in explanation; "an' I s'pose they think they oughter be asked in."

"Won't they go away pretty soon?" asked Jenny.

"I guess not," Duddy said, very decidedly.

"They 've been wantin' to see the baby ever since we found him, an' they think that this is a good chance."

Those on the outside set up another shout at this moment, and it was easy to judge, from the noise they made, that they were impatient at being left out of doors so long.

"Can't we let 'em in jest for a minute?" asked Tom.

Jenny ventured into the front room, and when she came out again she looked considerably relieved.

"Mother says that since they've waked November, they may as well come in; but you must n't let them stay very long, or the baby might get cold."

"I'll drive 'em out when you give the word," said Sam, arousing for the first time that day into something like his old officiousness.

Duddy acted the part of host by opening the street door and shouting:

"You've waked the baby up, an' now you may as well come in an' look at him; but Mrs. Parsons says you must n't stay very long."

The eager crowd did not wait for a more urgent invitation, and trooped into the house with enough noise for a party ten times as large; but they halted, as one boy, when the old lady met them with a severe look over the top of her spectacles, as they entered the sitting-room. She knew that she must exhibit that baby before she could hope for peace; and she stood in the center of the room with November held out at arms-length, wishing very much that the ordeal were over.

The boys gazed at the baby as if he was a natural curiosity, some going so far as to touch him gently with one finger; but most of them kept cautiously out of reach of Mrs. Parsons's hand. Not a word was spoken by any one during the entire ceremony; but when it was ended, the guests showed no disposition to leave the house, and stood looking at one another as if they expected to be yet further entertained. Sam saw an opportunity to show that he was at least a partial master of the establishment.

"Come right out here if you want to see what kind of a place we've got," he said, pompously leading the way into the kitchen, while the old lady looked with no kindly eye at the quantity of snow and mud that the visitors had brought into the room.

Jenny was much disconcerted by the introduction of the strange boys into the kitchen, but Sam gave no heed to her uneasiness. He showed the guests all the unfurnished as well as the furnished rooms, called particular attention to the rules on the wall,—taking good care, however, not to say for which one he was responsible,—and in every possible way acted the part of host to the entire satisfaction of himself, if of no one else.

The other directors followed their visitors about, answering questions and pointing out the general advantages of the building, but not caring to appear too prominent in the matter. After the house had been thoroughly inspected, and the guests were about to take their departure, Sam said, as if the idea had just occurred to him:

"If you fellers will hold on a little while, I'll have Jenny get a bang-up dinner, an' then you can see how well we live."

As a matter of course, every boy in the party was only too willing to accept the invitation, and the directors were looking at one another in speechless astonishment, when from the sitting-room Mrs. Parsons called out sharply:

"Pinney White, are you asking all those boys to dinner?"

"I was n't a-sayin' a word," replied Pinney quickly, thinking it hard, indeed, that he should be accused of every disagreeable thing.

"I am goin' to let 'em see what kind of a dinner Jenny can cook," Sam said loftily, as if asking twenty or thirty boys to dine with him was a trifling matter.

"Indeed, you are going to do nothing of the kind," exclaimed the old lady, now evidently very angry. And the guests, alarmed by the sharp tone of her voice, declined the invitation in a very practical manner by fleeing precipitately from the house. They halted about a block away, when Jeppy Jones said, with a sigh of relief:

"She ain't as sweet as candy, an' that's a fact!"

At the house, the directors were gathered in the kitchen like criminals, waiting for the old lady to pass judgment upon them; but she was quite her old pleasant self again, as soon as the guests had taken their hurried departure. She spoke so kindly to Pinney about his release from prison that Sam silently resolved to give her a happy surprise some day by bringing a small and select party of boys—say about a dozen—home to dinner.

Jenny soon called the attention of the directors to business, by saying:

"Now that Pinney is out of his trouble, and the baby is nearly well, we must try to furnish another room; for the more boarders we can take, the more money we can make."

"It seems to me that you're allers talkin' 'bout money," said Sam petulantly. "With what we've given, I could 'a' started a house twice as large as this."

"We've given!" repeated Tom impatiently. "I s'pose you think you've put in all you agreed to, don't you?"

"Well, I've come pretty near it," and Sam assumed his most impressive manner. "I've paid as much as you have, any way."

"Ikey, how do the 'counts stand?" asked Tom.

The treasurer, after some trouble, owing to his many pockets, succeeded in finding his book, which began to look rather the worse for wear; and after a severe mental and digital calculation, he replied:

"In the first place, we owe for a week's board. I've paid my dollar for it; but the rest have n't squared up yet. Then on the ten dollars every one was to put in, Jack owes two thirty-nine, an' Sam has only paid four eighty, and two dollars of that I lent him. Tom an' Pinney an' I have given Jenny our share."

"I've paid as much as anybody else. You've forgot to put it down if it ain't there," said Sam in a reproachful tone. "What about the money I gave this mornin' to help Pinney out the scrape?"

"You put in jest seven cents," said Tom. "We did n't have to use it, an' here 's your cash."

A broad smile greeted the announcement of Master Tousey's contribution; but Pinney hastened to say:

"We 'll get more money by to-morrow, an' p'raps Sam 'll have some, too, by that time."

"If he has n't, he 's got to sell his share in the house!" Tom spoke very decidedly.

"I would n't turn him out," said Jenny quickly. "You know he did really help start the house, and it does n't seem fair."

"I think he ought to pay up or leave," said Ikey in a matter-of-fact tone. "He won't work, that 's what 's the matter."

"Well, s'pose I don't want to work, whose business is it?" asked Sam.

"It 's our business if you don't pay what you owe," said Tom, quietly but firmly.

"S'posen I want to sell my share, who 's got the money to pay me?" inquired Sam, with the air of a millionaire capitalist.

"Duddy Foss 'll take it any time," declared the treasurer. "He said so. You owe Ikey two dollars, an' Jenny a dollar for board, so that would leave only one eighty comin' to you."

Sam hesitated; he knew that Duddy could buy him out, and he felt that he must work or sell.

"I 'll tell you to-morrow what I 'll do," he said sulkily, and left the house, slamming the street door behind him.

"We 'd better all go down town, if we expect to get any money for Jenny," suggested Tom. "Come on, fellers, an' let 's make up for the time we lost this morning."

The other boys followed Tom out of the room, and Jenny was left to plan how she would furnish the remainder of her boarding-house.

When the directors came home at night they were in the best of spirits. Business had been good during the afternoon, and even Sam had been successful; but since he did not offer to pay any portion of his indebtedness, the others concluded that he had decided to sell his boarding-house stock to Duddy.

When the household retired to rest, all, with the possible exception of Master Tousey, felt that they were on the high road to success.

The city clocks were striking the hour of midnight, when Tom was suddenly aroused with a queer sensation in his throat and lungs. Sitting bolt-upright in bed, he tried to understand why he was awake. He could hear no unusual noise; his room-mates' heavy breathing told that they were wrapped in slumber. He was beginning to believe that he had been startled by some vivid dream, when he became aware that his eyes were smarting severely, and in a second he knew by the odor and his difficulty in breathing that the room was full of smoke. He wondered why a fire had been left in the stove, got out of bed grumbling at somebody's carelessness, and started for the kitchen to fix the draft.

He could now hear a strange, crackling sound, and the handle of the kitchen door was hot as he tried to turn it. Only by exerting all his strength could he force the door open; and as it swung on its hinges, a mass of flame appeared to dart from the very center of the room.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted, as he ran back and shook his companions to arouse them, and then rushed to Mrs. Parsons's room, and hurried upstairs where the boarders were sleeping.

From the time Tom had awakened until every one in the building was aroused, hardly more than two minutes had elapsed; yet in those few seconds the flames, favored by the open doors, had made such progress that it seemed as if the whole interior of the house was on fire.

"Save the furniture!" Tom shouted, as he saw the directors rushing out of doors with some of their clothing under their arms; "we can get some of the things out if we work quick!"

This appeared to bring Ikey and Pinney to a portion of their senses, at least, and they halted in the open doorway to put on some of their clothing; while Tom darted into the clouds of smoke that filled the directors' sleeping-room, after his own garments. He found it impossible to enter even so far as the bed. Blinded, half-suffocated, and nearly overcome by the heat and vapor, he staggered back into the hallway just as Duddy leaped down nearly the entire flight of stairs, with several articles of wearing apparel in his arms.

"Where 're your clothes?" he asked.

"In there," Tom stammered as he reeled toward the street door.

"Put these on," cried Duddy as he threw a pair of trousers over Tom's shoulders, and flung the remainder of his burden out of doors.

By this time Ikey and Pinney were trying to save

able articles of the not very expensive furniture; but as they threw nearly everything out of the window, they caused nearly as much damage as the fire.

It was not for many moments that the directors could continue their almost useless labor, for the flames were sweeping through the rooms with a



"THE FLAMES WERE SWEEPING THROUGH THE ROOMS WITH A FURY THAT SEEMED RESISTLESS."

some of the household goods, and had started for the landlady's room, as Mrs. Parsons and Jenny, the former carrying November and the latter with her arms full of clothing, came running out.

The boys worked with a will to save the most valu-

able articles of the not very expensive furniture; but as they threw nearly everything out of the window, they caused nearly as much damage as the fire. It was not for many moments that the directors could continue their almost useless labor, for the flames were sweeping through the rooms with a

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A LOST DOG.

BY EDITH EVELYN BIGELOW.



THE LOST DOG TELLS HIS STORY:

THERE is nothing sadder or more desolate than to be a stray dog in a great city like London. You may think *you* have seen trouble and been miserable; but listen to me, and you'll soon see that your trials have been nothing to mine. There never was a more pampered pet than I was; and I thought I had a right to be spoiled, being a thoroughbred fox terrier of perfect pedigree and good habits. I had no faults except yielding to a strong temptation to nip the cat a little when she put her back up at me. I was owned by the prettiest lady in London, and was exercised every day by either the footman or my mistress herself, with a sharp eye kept on me, lest any of those wicked dog-stealers should whip me up, and run off with me.

My only sorrow was, that I could not always make myself understood. Why parrots and magpies (horrid things!) should be gifted in the conversational line above their betters, I can't imagine.

Mag would sit in her cage and croak, "Wake up!" as distinctly as a human being could speak; and my mistress would laugh and say, "Is n't she clever?" But when I barked and thought I was saying real words (only she could n't understand), she would cry, "Be quiet!" and give me a tap on the ear. That seemed unjust to me.

One day in summer, my mistress came downstairs, with her coat and hat on, and took me up in her arms and kissed me. I licked her face and wagged my tail, thinking I was going for a drive, for I saw the brougham standing at the door. But she dropped a tear on my head, and said:

"Oh, John, I can't bear to leave him!"

Then Master said, "Nonsense, my dear, the cook will look after him." And they went away, my dear mistress looking back and saying, "Be a good dog till I come home!"

All this took me by surprise, and I felt very miserable. The tears came to my eyes, and I turned away for fear that hateful cat should see me crying; for if she had, she might have plucked up heart to scratch me in return for all my sly nips.

Well, I lay for some time thinking how lonely I should be with only old Mouser (that was Mrs. Puss's name) and cook, both of whom I hated. Presently I decided to start off when no one was looking, and follow my mistress. I was younger and more foolish then than now, and did not consider what a large place London was. I had a keen nose, and thought I could track my lady, with the help of my eyes and nose.

So I waited my chance. Presently the parlor-maid came downstairs. She opened the door, and before she could say "knife!" I was off like a shot, down the street. She called after me like a crazy person, but nobody minded her, and I ran till my breath was nearly gone. Then I sat down and rested awhile. But a man with a dirty neckerchief on, and a bad eye, came sidling up to me, and said, "Come here, sir," in a soft, enticing voice. I knew he was a dog-stealer; for I had seen his like before; so I scuttled off again, and in my fright forgot to notice which way I went.

Then I began to look and nose about. I could find no lady who had a face like that of my dear

mistress. People looked at me; the ladies said "What a dear little fox terrier!" and one gentleman stopped and bent down to see if I had a collar on. When I ran out I had just been washed, and so I had left it at home. Presently I got into a part of the town where there were lots of pale little children playing and fighting on the sidewalk. Some horrid boys pursued me, and tried to fasten an old tin kettle to my tail; then when I ran all the faster, they shouted "Mad dog!" and a policeman—or, as we say, a "bobby"—commenced to chase me. My poor heart beat so, I thought I should have died; but I struggled along, though, being a pet house-dog, I was n't in good running condition, and had rather too much fat on my ribs for a race. I gave the "bobby" the slip, after all, and at last hid under an archway. By this time it was growing dark, and I began to be hungry and lonely.

If the cat had been there, I would n't have nipped her! It is wonderful how misfortune softens the heart! Can you imagine how miserable I was? My nice coat was all torn and soiled, and the several frights I had had were enough to tire even an experienced dog, not to mention the running in and out among hansom cabs. I could not help whining quietly to myself. After a time, one of the figures hurrying by stopped and came up to me. It was a man, and I should say a gentleman, for, as near as I could see in the dusk, he was dressed like Master.

"Hullo!" said he. "What have we here?"

He stooped and picked me up. His touch was so kind that I did n't even growl.

"A lost dog! A case for the Battersea Home," he exclaimed.

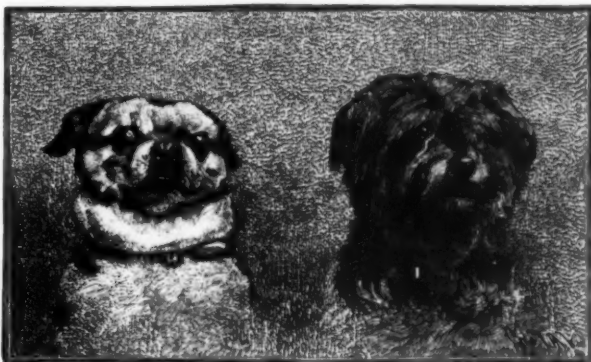
Now, I had heard cook tell dreadful things about "Homes" and "Institutions," and when I heard my new acquaintance speak of a Home, I gave a growl and tried to get away; but the gentleman was strong, and carried me off with him. He hailed a cab and got in, still holding me. After driving for some time we stopped, and my friend (or enemy, I did n't yet know which he might be) took me into a house, evidently his own. As soon as we were inside the hall, a funny fat little boy with curls came tumbling out of the nearest room shouting, "Here 's father, wid a doggy!" and began to pull me about. As he did n't hurt me, and seemed pleased to see me, I licked his fat little hand, and he screamed with glee. Then a

tall lady joined us and asked where I had come from.

"I found him in Fleet street," said the gentleman, "and to-morrow I shall take him to Battersea. He 's evidently a valuable dog, and must have strayed away from his owners. If they don't claim him—I 'll buy him for you if you like."

"The very thing!" said the lady. "See how Totty is petting him."

Then I was taken upstairs into the drawing-room, and allowed to sit on a rug. The lady kindly gave me some water, and I felt very much



TWO INMATES OF THE BATTERSEA HOME.

happier since I had heard that nothing terrible was to happen to me; besides, it was very comforting to be recognized as a valuable dog. I was so tired that I slept for a long time; in fact, it was morning when I awoke. My new friends gave me some breakfast, and the gentleman started out with me again in a cab. We drove a long way this time, to a very ugly part of the town, where everything was grimy and dirty and ever so many trains were whizzing along across bridges built over the street.

We drew up at a queer sort of place, with a door like the gate of a stable-yard, and a small door next it, on which was a brass plate. On it I read,—for I am an educated dog, let me tell you, and am sorry for those who have n't had my advantages,—"Home for Lost Dogs." We went in through the big gate, but turned to the side and entered by a small door into a room where two men sat, one at a desk and the other at a large table. My gentleman spoke a few words to the men, and presently left me with them. Then another man came in. He was very tall, dressed in black, with a cap on his head and a big whip in his hand. His face was kind, and so he did not frighten me. He carried me away and walked

with me down a place, on one side of which was a line of cages full of all sorts of dogs. Some of them were ill-bred, vulgar creatures, especially a low, bandy-legged bulldog, who jeered at me and called me names. I was placed in a cage with a poodle, a fox terrier, two pugs, and a dachshund—the last about a yard long, with no legs to speak of, but a great opinion of himself. They all set up a roar when I arrived, and asked me a lot of questions,—who I was, where I came from, and the like. I was very haughty with them at first, wishing to show my breeding, for I remembered how a lady, who cook said was a duchess, always behaved to my mistress when she called. But they were so good-natured that I soon forgot to be proud, for I was full of curiosity about my new home, and wanted to ask questions.

"I am going to be bought," said I, "if my people don't come for me."

The pug shook his head, and gave a sort of snort. Pugs always are short of breath.

"Don't be too sure!" said he, with his black nose in the air, and his great goggle eyes turned toward me. His remark was so rude that I turned my back on him. The poodle sidled up to me and whispered: "We'll all be killed in three days, if we're not sent for!" I gave a yelp of horror.

"My goodness!" said I, "what do you mean?"

"There's one terrible room here," said he; "*if a dog once goes into it, he never comes out alive.*"

At that I turned quite ill. Had I come all this way, only to be butchered?

"How do you know?" I gasped.

"The cats told me."

"What cats?"

"Do you see that door? That's where the Cats' Boarding-house and Home is; and last night when the door was open one of the boarders told me. *She* had it from the keeper. Perhaps you'll be kept longer than the usual time, as you are a good sort; but I'm a mongrel and must die to-morrow."

He gave a patient sigh, as if he had made up his mind to it. "You are very quiet about it," I said; "I should yell all to-day if I expected to be killed to-morrow."

"Yelling would do no good," he replied. "I should be called to order now, and killed just the same, when the time came. The truth is, I have been so ill-treated that I'd rather die than go back to my master. I am not much to look at, but I can do all manner of tricks, and I traveled with a circus. My master was the clown, and was what human beings call a *brute*, though why they shame us by giving wicked people that name, I can't think."

The poor poodle felt so sad that I didn't know what to say to him; for how could I comfort him?

Just then the dachshund looked around and said, "I wish that cur would stop that sniveling. I can't hear myself think."

With that I jumped at him and gave him a smart nip on the ear. Then there *was* a row! We were in one great mass, struggling and biting, till the keeper's whip came cutting in among us, and we were forced to be quiet.

That night the door of the Cats' Boarding-house and Home was left open by mistake, and while I lay, trying to sleep, I heard a little "mew" which sounded familiar. I gave a little whine in reply, thinking I should find out whether I had a friend amongst the pussies.

"Who are you?" I asked, softly.

A little voice mewed out, "Don't you remember the fat kitten next door?"

"Yes, indeed!" I said; for, indeed, that kitten had been the only cat I had ever really approved of.

"I was whipped for stealing cream, and I ran away. Oh, how many times I've wished myself at home!"

"Have you suffered?" I asked.

"Suffered?" said she. "I am as thin as a mouse, and supported here by what visitors throw into the box that's fastened to our cage; and there's a little fiendish black tabby here that gets all my food away."

"Poor thing!" I said, my heart feeling very heavy.

"Never mind," said she, plaintively. "We'll all be killed day after to-morrow."

The same old story! "Tell me all about it," I said.

"There is a room here where the dogs and cats are put, and as soon as they get in they begin to snore, and never wake up."

I could n't help shivering at these words, for it is an awful thing to lie in the dark and think of your own death. The man who keeps order in the cat-house heard us talking, and shut the door; so I learned no more that night.

The next day the poodle came up to me, and cried, and kissed me on the nose, saying I had been kind to him, and he wanted to thank me before he died.

I tried to cheer him a bit, when, suddenly, two ladies came walking by.

"Stand up and beg," I whispered. And so he did.

"What a jolly poodle!" said one lady. "The very thing for Charlie. Is he for sale?"

The keeper, who stood near, said:

"He was to be killed to-day, Madam, but you can have him."

In a few minutes more my fortunate friend was taken out of the cage and carried off, no doubt to as comfortable a home as the one which I had left.

Nobody came for the pugs or the dachshund; but, toward evening, whom should I see but cook, with her jolly red face, coming along and looking anxiously at all the dogs.

I barked as loud as possible, and says cook, "That 's him!" Cook was apt to be rather ungrammatical at times. When they got me out of the cage, I licked her face, as if I'd loved her all my life. She was so pleased to see me that she kissed my head and patted me all the time.

"Now, Mr. Keeper," said she, "there 's a kitten missing from our next-door neighbor's, and it 's just possible she 's in the cat-house, so I 'll take a glance, if you 're agreeable."

Then I was glad, for I did n't relish the idea of leaving the only well-behaved cat of my acquaintance to be made away with, and nobody the wiser.

In we went, and the poor kitten saw cook and flew at the cage, trying to get to her. There were a number of cats with her, and the label over the top said "Female Strays." The boarders were on the other side of the room. Their masters and mistresses had sent them there to be kept safely during their absence from town.

Well, we had the kitten out in no time, and she and cook and I all went home together. Cook talked to us all the way, as if we understood her,—and so we did, only she did n't know it.

That is the end of my trials; but I suffered enough in a day or two to last some time.

Since then I have never left my happy home, except in the care of some one. Sometimes in the dark, I can't help thinking about that room where the poor pugs and the dachshund must have died, and the thought makes my paws cold.

But the poodle is happy. I saw him last week driving in a carriage.

JANIE'S RAINBOW.

BY SUSAN P. SWOOPE.

JANIE sat on the window-seat,
Watching the waving, golden wheat,
Watching the bees flit to and fro,
Watching the butterflies come and go,

Watching the flowers, red and white,
Watching the birds in their airy flight,
Watching the gentle summer shower
As it fell on field and tree and flower.

Tired little Janie saw the view,—
Idly wishing for something new;
Softly she tapped the window-pane,
And spoke aloud to the falling rain:

"Raindrops, listen to what I say:
You 've worked enough; now stop and play;
You 've watered the flowers, grass, and wheat,
And settled the dust all down the street;

"Make the clouds break, and let the sun
Shine out once more—Let 's have some fun!
Make me a rainbow—make it soon;
I 've been waiting all the afternoon!"

The raindrops heard in their busy dance;
The sun shone out and gave them a chance;
They seized the rays with their fingers deft,
And wove the bright-hued warp and weft;

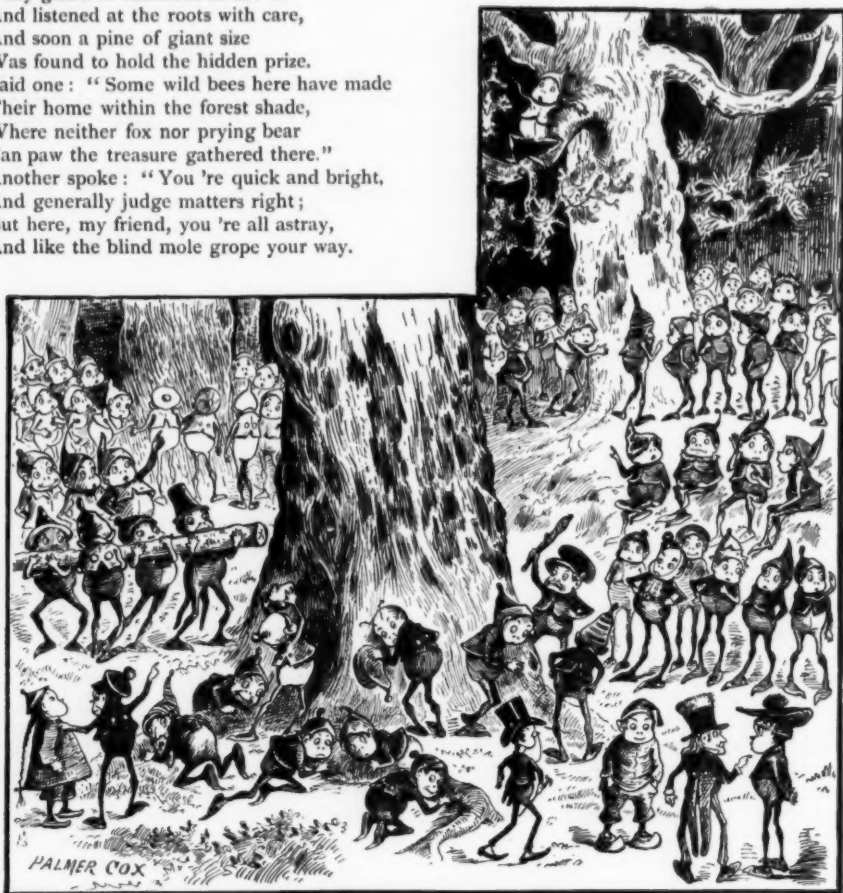
Then hung it up in the eastern sky,
A beautiful ribbon of brilliant dye,—
One end rested upon the hill,
The other went down behind the mill.

THE BROWNIES AND THE BEES.

BY PALMER COX.

WHILE Brownies once were rambling through
 Where thick and tall the timber grew,
 The hum of bees above their head
 To some remarks and wonder led.
 They gazed at branches in the air
 And listened at the roots with care,
 And soon a pine of giant size
 Was found to hold the hidden prize.
 Said one: "Some wild bees here have made
 Their home within the forest shade,
 Where neither fox nor prying bear
 Can paw the treasure gathered there."
 Another spoke: "You're quick and bright,
 And generally judge matters right;
 But here, my friend, you're all astray,
 And like the blind mole grope your way.

But still their queen's directing cry
 The bees heard o'er the clamor high;
 And held their bearing for this pine
 As straight as runs the county line.



I chance well to remember still,
 How months ago, when up the hill,
 A farmer near, with bell and horn,
 Pursued a swarm one sunny morn.
 The fearful din the town awoke,
 The clapper from his bell he broke;

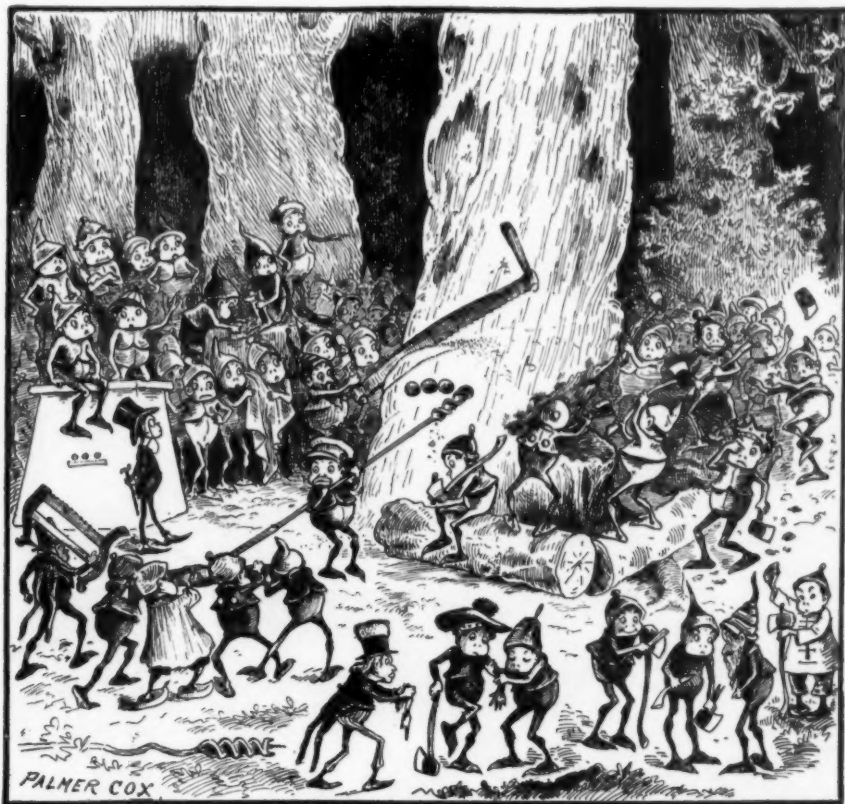
With taxes here, and failures there,
 The man can ill such losses bear.
 In view of this, our duty's clear:
 To-morrow night we'll muster here,
 And when we give this tree a fall,
 In proper shape we'll hive them all,

And take the queen and working throng
And lazy drones where they belong."

Next evening, at the time they set,
Around the pine the Brownies met
With tools collected, as they sped
From mill and shop and farmer's shed;
While some, to all their wants alive,
With ready hands procured a hive.

And then the hive was made to rest
In proper style above the nest,
Until the queen and all her train
Did full and fair possession gain.

Then 'round the hive a sheet was tied,
That some were thoughtful to provide,
And off on poles, as best they could,
They bore the burden from the wood.



Ere work began, said one: "I fear
But little sport awaits us here;
Be sure a trying task we'll find,
For bees are fuss and fire combined.
And take him in his drowsy hour,
Or when palavering to the flower,
The bee, however wild or tame,
In every land is much the same;
And those will rue it who neglect
To treat the insect with respect."

Ere long, by steady rasp and blow,
The towering tree was leveled low;

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But trouble, as one may divine,
Occurred at points along the line.
'T was bad enough on level ground,
Where, now and then, *one* exit found;
But when they came to rougher road,
Or climbed the fences with their load,—
Then numbers of the prisoners there
Came trooping out to take the air,
And managed straight enough to fly
To keep excitement running high.

With branches broken off to suit,
And grass uplified by the root,

In vain some daring Brownies tried
To brush the buzzing plagues aside.
Said one, whose features proved to all
That bees had paid his nose a call:
"I'd rather dare the raging main,
Than meddle with such things again."

And when at last the fence they found
That girt the farmer's orchard 'round,
And laid the hive upon the stand,
There hardly was, in all the band,
A single Brownie who was free
From some reminders of the bee.



"The urgent calls," another cried,
"Of duty still must rule and guide,—
Or in the ditch the sun would see
The tumbled hive for all of me."

But thoughts of what a great surprise
Ere long would light the farmer's eyes
Soon drove away from every brain
The slightest thought of toil or pain.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

A BANKER AND BROKER.

THE business of banking and that of brokerage are nearly always carried on together. A banker is a man who, like a regularly organized bank, receives deposits of money which he holds subject to drafts and checks. He negotiates loans. He buys bonds, stocks, and securities of all sorts for his customers. He pays the coupons of railroad and other companies. He takes charge of estates for trustees and executors and, in short, acts as the financial agent for individuals and corporations.

The broker buys and sells stocks and bonds of railroads and miscellaneous companies. Generally he makes a specialty of some particular stocks or bonds. There are brokers in grain, coal, petroleum, mining stocks, flour, real estate, and almost everything that can be bought and sold. The broker does not buy the commodities in which he deals to sell them again at a profit; but he acts as the agent for people who have goods for sale. He makes his money by receiving a "commission," which is a certain proportion of the amount received for the goods. At present we will consider only bankers and brokers who deal solely in money, stocks, and bonds.

The boy who enters the office of a banker and broker starts at the age of thirteen or fourteen. He will receive three dollars a week to begin with. He will have to go down to the office early and open it; but he will not have to sweep it, as all such work is done by the janitor and his assistants. He will have to run errands much of the time, see that the circulars announcing the sales of stock, which are constantly coming in during the day, are put in their proper places; and he will make comparisons of stock, which means that he will see if the office account of the day's transactions agrees with the similar accounts of the firms with whom his house has had dealings. He will go often to the Stock Exchange, where he will familiarize himself with its workings. In the meantime he must be learning to write quickly a neat, clerkly hand, and to be quick at figures. A boy must be very bright to succeed in a banker's and broker's office in New York, or in any other large city.

The boy will do boys' work for about two or three years, when, if he deserves it, he will be

promoted to the position of clerk. He will soon acquire the rudiments of book-keeping, beginning with the simplest book, which is the one in which are entered the purchases and sales of stocks made by the house. During the day, he will make out "notices" of sales to be sent to customers. His salary will now be from five hundred to one thousand dollars a year. When he gets to be head book-keeper or cashier, he will receive from one thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars, depending on the business done by the firm. Or he may be made the manager of some branch office of the firm, which is better still, and carries with it a large measure of responsibility and an excellent salary.

Some one has called Wall Street "the golden artery" of the country. You might call the Stock Exchange its "pulse," for the important transactions had there indicate the state of the financial health of the country. The building is really on Broad Street, but there is an entrance on Wall Street, a few doors from Broadway. Enter this door and go up a flight of iron stairs; but do not be disconcerted at the sound of what appears to be a large number of men quarreling, for they are the very people you are going to see. Passing through another door, you find yourself in a high gallery overlooking a long hall, or room, in which from two hundred to eight hundred men are walking about or standing in groups. At the other end of the apartment is a similar gallery. One side of the room is used by the various telegraph offices, each company having a space set apart for its own use, and a force of messengers dressed in blue uniforms. On the other side of the room there is a platform, like a pulpit, from which the chairman of the Exchange presides. The wooden floor has no covering other than the countless tiny bits of white paper, used memoranda, torn up by the brokers.

Before making this visit, you have probably been told that it costs from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars to get a "seat" in the Exchange. Your first thought on looking at the scene below will possibly be, "Where are the seats?" For, the only seats in the whole place are a few ranged in circular forms around a number of iron standards. On the top of each standard is a sign reading, "Ohio and Miss.," "Omaha,"

* Copyright by G. J. Manson, 1884.

"Lou. and Nashville," and so on. These are abbreviated names of certain important stocks; and the brokers who deal largely in any one of them may usually be found near their respective standards. A great many more stocks than are indicated by these signs, however, are dealt in each day, and the few seats around these standards will accommodate only about thirty or forty men. The fact is, the Stock Exchange grew too large to allow seating the members. Years ago there were seats, but now the term "a seat" really means the privilege of going into this room for the purpose of doing business with the other members. It is now not a very easy matter to become a member of the Stock Exchange. The membership of eleven hundred is now full, and it is only possible to get a seat by purchasing from a retiring member, or from the heirs of a deceased member. Then, too, an applicant must be in good health, because the Exchange carries an insurance of ten thousand dollars on the life of every member, which his heirs receive on his death. In addition, to become a member, a man must be of good character, be free from debt, and fulfill certain other requirements.

Looking down from the visitors' gallery, the scene strikes one as at once amusing and bewildering. Some men are walking apparently aimlessly about. Others walk fast, and appear to be looking for some one. Now and then a man cries out a word or two which you can not understand, whereupon a crowd of bystanders press about him. There is a short conversation, and the crowd of men disappears as quickly as it came together. When a broker disposes of some stock, he cries out, "Sold!" which means that the transaction is completed. Every now and then, you will notice among the men in some parts of the room what boys call "horse-play." You may see a big, strong man take a small man and, after wrestling with him for a short time, quietly seat him on the floor. Other members may knock off the hats of their brother members, a kind of sport (if that is the name for it) which seems to be peculiarly fascinating to brokers. When these groups, or crowds, gather, you may notice that the men in the rear rows push those in front of them so hard that the two or three men in the center who are doing all the talking are pressed together so close that their noses almost touch. But everyone is good-natured, and some are jolly and boisterous. And the most curious part of the scene is that all these men are at work. One peculiarity you will notice: each man carries in his hand a small memorandum-book or a pad of paper, on which every now and then he makes a note. A man in passing another may make an offer of a certain stock, say at

54½; the other will say, "Give you 54¾." Quick as a flash it may be taken, and a sale is made that may involve thousands of dollars. All these transactions are done so quickly and amid so much confusion that you would not be apt to notice a quarter of them.

"Would a boy who started in the office ever be able to enter the Stock Exchange?" some one may ask.

He would, if his parents or friends bought him a seat. If he was poor, but unusually clever, it is possible that some rich man who liked to speculate in Wall Street, who had a high opinion of his ability, would offer to go into partnership with him, and let him be the active member of the concern. In other words, the rich man would buy a seat for the clerk, and put capital into the concern, and the poor young man would give in return his experience and his brains. There have been a great many cases of that kind.

Or a young man, after having risen to be head book-keeper or cashier of a firm, may become so valuable that he is taken into the firm as office partner. Or a clerk of popular manners, who has made a great many friends among businessmen and speculators, may be taken into a new firm for the sake of the customers he can bring in.

The banker and broker must be thoroughly posted on all financial and stock matters, not only in this country, but in foreign lands as well. He must be able to judge how current events will be likely to affect the stock and money market. He must know the inside history of all the companies in the stock of which he deals, so as to be able to give good advice to his customers who want to buy or sell. In short, he must be a financial cyclopædia.

A great many terms have come into use in Wall Street to express the method of doing business there. Some of them sound very much like slang; but they are very useful in enabling the brokers to express complicated ideas in very few words, and might be called a species of conversational shorthand.

Every one has heard of the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street. The bulls are those brokers who are anxious to advance the prices of stocks. The bears, on the other hand, are those who, wishing to buy, or for other reasons, are anxious to reduce prices as low as possible. The bulls are always trying to toss prices up; the bears are always bearing down on values.

This article would not be complete, did I not say a few words about the temptations of the broker's life. From the very start, the boy will be entrusted with large sums of money to carry to the bank or to customers. He may be in an office

where bank-bills and shining gold are within his reach all the time; and he will be so completely absorbed in the subject of stocks, bonds, and money, that it will be somewhat strange if he does not soon begin to look at the getting of money as the most important business of life. And when he is a little older and becomes clerk or cashier, he will be exposed to the temptation to increase his income by stock-gambling—"speculating," as it is called—on his own account. Such ventures are of course very hazardous, and on all accounts should be shunned. A broker requires great strength of character to resist the temptation to get wealthy by false methods; and a boy should think long and well before he adopts the calling.

For the broker's business is at best unstable. The work is done quickly in the midst of great excitement and at "high pressure," as we say. As money comes quickly and easily to the broker, it is not so highly prized as if it were earned by the toil which produces a visible result, and it usually goes as easily as it comes. Brokers, of course, defend their own occupation. They will tell you that their services as agents in securing stocks and bonds are needed; but they will not deny that stock-brokerage would cease to be a profitable business, except to a very few firms, if people were to stop speculating in securities. Of course, there are many men in this business who have risen to wealth and to eminence as financiers, who would scorn to do a mean or dishonorable act. All honor to such men, because they must often have been sorely tempted to do wrong.

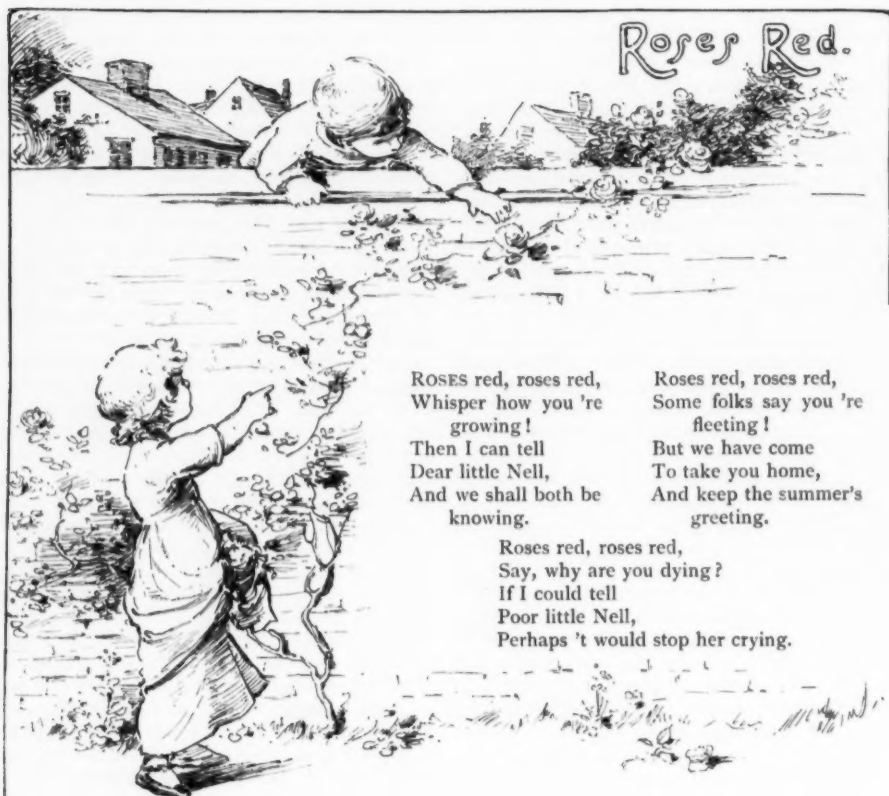
I would not be unjust to this large class of men, so many of whom have personal traits which we are bound to admire. They are open-handed with their means. Their word to one another is as good as a bond. In fact, a large proportion of the business transacted upon the Exchange is done without written contract, and depends solely upon the good faith of the members concerned. Their promptness to respond on public appeals for aid or sympathy is proverbial. Yet all this should have no influence upon a boy who is deciding whether or no he shall be a broker.

—A boy may enter an office that does nothing but a strictly banking business.

After he has thoroughly familiarized himself with his boy's work, and has shown himself to be quick and accurate with figures, and has mastered the elements of book-keeping, he will probably be promoted, from time to time, to positions of increasing responsibility, until eventually he may become cashier. The position of cashier in a banking-house is a very important one. He receives and pays out all the money, and has charge of all the accounts.

A young man has about the same chance of becoming a real banker as he has of becoming a broker,—to be either, he must, as a rule, have money or influence; though there are not a few instances where men, by their own individual efforts, have advanced themselves.

A successful banker must be a very well informed man in regard to certain matters bearing directly on his business. If he negotiates loans for cities, he should be thoroughly posted on laws bearing upon the issues of bonds in which he may wish to deal. Dealing with railroads, he should know all about railroad law and the laws governing corporations generally. He must, of course, be familiar with the banking-laws of his own State and of the United States. He must know all about the earnings and expenses of railroads and corporations of which he may be the financial agent, or in which his clients may be interested. He should have a general knowledge of political economy, and learn to judge of the effect on finance of popular movements. The condition of the crops he will of course watch with keen interest. Reports on these and other matters will be constantly laid before him, not only daily, but almost hourly; for the telegraph has revolutionized the old methods of transacting business. The successful banker of the present day is in constant communication with the great financial centers all over the world. For the banker will not confine himself to transactions in this country, but will form business connections with foreign countries as well. In fact, the successful banker must be a man of large brain, capable of taking broad views, be far-seeing, cool-headed, and quick to take advantage of every opportunity offered by the constant changes and chances of business life.



ROSES red, roses red,
Whisper how you 're
growing!
Then I can tell
Dear little Nell,
And we shall both be
knowing.

Roses red, roses red,
Some folks say you 're
fleeing!
But we have come
To take you home,
And keep the summer's
greeting.

Roses red, roses red,
Say, why are you dying?
If I could tell
Poor little Nell,
Perhaps 't would stop her crying.

Cantabile.

I. Ros - es red, ros - es red, Whis - per how you're grow - ing!

Then I can tell dear lit - tle Nell, And we. shall both be know - ing.

p *mf* *rit.*

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.



Look at this picture, dear little folk. It was made for a little girl named Mabelle Charlton Phillips, and she sent it to you. Is it not a funny picture? The little folks in it are real children, and the little girl who sent it wrote this verse about it. She has read her "Mother Goose," you see:

RATHER CROWDED.

BY MABELLE CHARLTON PHILLIPS.

THERE was a young woman who did n't live in a shoe ;
She had six small children, but knew just what to do,—
She gave them some jelly spread thickly on bread,
Then kissed them all soundly and put them to bed !



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"How kind is Nature!" is my opening remark to-day.

Most animals and fowls are born with their clothing on—"ready-made" suits. The opossum and kangaroo, moreover, are supplied with pockets. Other animals are provided with practical conveniences fitted to their own special work in life. The beaver has a trowel; and the tailor-bird with his needle bill can sew leaves together for a nest. Think of the spider, which is furnished with a rope ladder. See him spin it out as he dangles by the rope; and then watch him wind it in as he climbs up by it. Mr. Spider, I suppose, is glad he is not like other insects in having to walk. But then there's Mr. Snail, who, though compelled to crawl, has a house of his own, and carries it along with him. Snakes get new coats every spring, and horses and fowls shed their old ones, too,—it is all so ordered and arranged. But I must stop, although I am only half-way into my subject. Think it over, my dears.

A CLEVER DOG.

I'M told ST. NICHOLAS is giving you a collection of true dog stories. But we'll have one in the meadow here all by ourselves. It came from a boy who lives in Marshall, Minnesota:

DEAR FRIEND JACK: I thought perhaps you would like to tell the children who pick flowers in your meadow a story about our "Tony."

One day last fall my father was duck-shooting, and was standing at the foot of a small hill. One of the ducks he shot fell just over the hill out of sight. Papa took "Tony" over the hill to hunt up the duck, and kept calling out to him to "go fetch!" and "hunt him up!" until the dog, not finding the duck, grew tired of the oft-repeated commands. Seeming to say to himself, "If my master wants a

duck so much, I will get him one," he trotted around the base of the hill, and taking one from the pile of ducks previously shot, he carried it over the top of the hill to Papa with a "now-I-hope-you-are-satisfied" expression on his face. Papa detected the deceit by the fact that the duck was a different kind from the one that fell over the hill. Some folks think that dogs can't reason, but I think they can.

We all read ST. NICHOLAS here, but I won't tell you what we think of it. It would sound too much like patent-medicine advertisements,— "before taking" and "after taking," etc.

Ever your friend,

W. G. L.

THOSE NATURAL HISTORY QUESTIONS.

SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK: Here are some answers to Deacon Green's questions in the March ST. NICHOLAS:

How many feet has an ordinary ant? An ordinary field ant has six feet.—How many feet has a house-fly? A house-fly has six feet.—How many wings has a dragon-fly? A dragon-fly has four wings.—How many legs has a grasshopper? A grasshopper has six legs.—How many teeth has a mole? I am sorry to say I do not know.—How many wings has a bee? A bee has four wings.

I knew all these answers without any help whatever (especially the fifth!).

Also, I saw Leonora Wood's question about the gentle bees. I think the reason they did not sting was because the man did not try to brush them off. If he had tried to brush them off they would most likely have stung him badly.

Your faithful reader, HORACE F. LUNT (aged eleven).

The Deacon heartily thanks other young friends, especially Charlie C. Russell, J. W. P., and Gertrude Sprague, for answers to his questions.

ANOTHER TIGER PET.

DEAR JACK: In the February number of ST. NICHOLAS, in your part of it, I read about a little boy having a young tiger for a pet. I also read in another book that in India they have young tigers for pets. They are not dangerous if they are captured before they have tasted meat; but, if they have tasted even a drop of blood, they will fly at you. I read once that a man had one for a pet. He was sitting writing and his tiger was lying beside him, licking his hand. It so happened that in doing this the tiger's rough tongue accidentally caused a drop of blood to start. The tiger tasted it and then flew at the man. The man drew his pistol and shot the tiger, just in time. I am

Your interested reader,

ROBERT K. ROOT.

SNOWING IN A BALL-ROOM.

A FRIEND of yours and mine, my dears, sends you this account of an indoor snow-storm, which she found in a newspaper:

Last winter, on a very cold night, a ball was held in a town in Sweden, and in the course of the evening the room became so hot that some of the ladies fainted. As the windows were so hard-frozen that they could not be opened, a pane of glass was broken. The effect was curious; the inrush of cold condensed the watery vapor (which the heat had hitherto dissolved) in the air of the room, and

caused it to fall in the form of snow. Though this rather astounded the dancers, it was what might have been expected under the circumstances. Similar indoor snow-storms are of frequent occurrence in Russia.

ANOTHER ANIMAL BAROMETER.

HAVING seen a great many kinds of barometers spoken of in ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would tell your readers of one that everybody notices in Florida. Whenever we hear the alligators making a loud bellowing noise, we always expect rain or bad weather, and it nearly always comes.

Your constant reader,

J. R.

MORE QUEER NAMES FOR THINGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK: I think I can add a few peculiar names to those you already have. The "head" and "foot" of a class; the "nose" of a pitcher; the "neck" of a vase; a "tongue" of flame; the "lap" of luxury; a "vein" of stone, gold, or silver; the "brow" of a hill; and the "mouth" of a cave.

I made these up all by myself, and would like to see them in print, as they might interest some of the readers of your little lectures. Now, dear Jack, is it not strange that many of these terms when reversed become slang, as, for instance, if a boy should call a person's head a "cocoanut," his hands "paws," or his face a "mug!" I am just thirteen years old.

Your reader,
GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

ABOUT SOME ENGLISH SQUIRRELS.

A YOUNG friend who lives near Bristol in Somersetshire, England, recently saw some very wide-awake squirrels of which he sends me this account:

DEAR JACK: I am writing to tell you about some squirrels.

The squirrels were out the whole of last winter, contrary to what one usually hears of their sleeping through the cold weather. Snow was on the ground, but still they came out and ran along in it while it was quite deep.

I thought this might perhaps interest some of your readers who belong to the Agassiz Association.

Your interested reader, THEO. L. DYKE.

TOE COUNTERS.

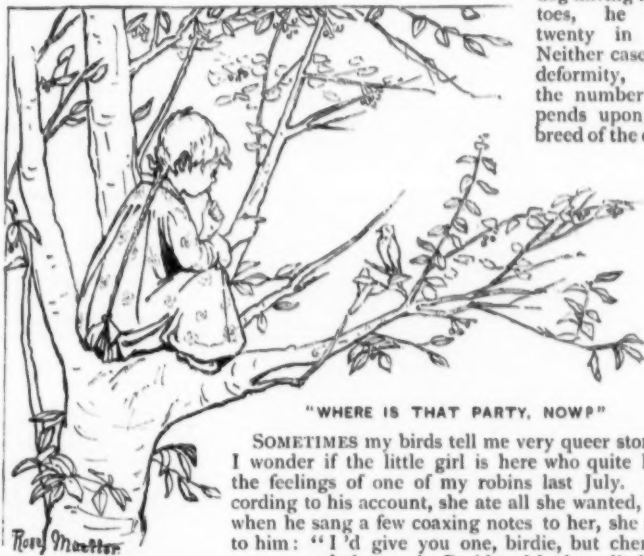
DEAR JACK IN THE PULPIT: I saw in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, that Miss Rosalie Caswell wants the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to tell how many toes a dog has, without looking to see. I think my little dog has twenty, but I am not sure, as I have not looked to see. My dog's name is Pinkestean Black, but I call her Pinkie. My father has a big dog called Samuel Sloan, named for the president of the D. L. & W. Railroad. My dog Pinkie is the same age as I am—eleven years. I think I will write a letter to you about Sam. Sam is what I call a dog-shun or war-dog.

With much love, I am your reader,

G. AMBROSE E. VANDERPOEL.

G. Ambrose E. Vanderpoel is probably quite right, and all of you who have dogs may look to see for yourselves. But a very observant correspondent who signs himself U. U. says there may be two answers to Miss Caswell's question. All dogs, he says, have five toes on each fore foot, but there are more having four toes on each hind foot than there are having five. Those that have only eighteen toes in all do not have the small toe on the inside of each hind foot. In the case of the

dog having these toes, he has twenty in all. Neither case is a deformity, for the number depends upon the breed of the dog.



"WHERE IS THAT PARTY, NOW?"

SOMETIMES my birds tell me very queer stories. I wonder if the little girl is here who quite hurt the feelings of one of my robins last July. According to his account, she ate all she wanted, and when he sang a few coaxing notes to her, she said to him: "I'd give you one, birdie, but cherries are so unwholesome! Besides, I had to climb all the way up here, and you just flew to the limb without the least trouble,—so you can get your own cherries!"

A SNAKE STORY.

HERE is a wonderful snake-story. It is sent to you by a nine-year old friend of mine named Maryland Rollins:

Once when I was six years old, I was with a little girl out in Kansas. I saw a snake and then I went to grandpapa and told him that there was a snake there under the piazza. Then he brought his hoe, chopped off the head, but the head ran around. It is very wonderful how these snakes are.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONCERNING "GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The records of the Monmouth rebellion, especially when they relate to personal incidents, are so hazy and uncertain that it is very easy to see how two versions of a single story, both apparently authentic, may be extant; and, therefore, it would be captious and unfair for me to criticize the admirably told story of "Grizel Cochrane's Ride," in the February ST. NICHOLAS. But, as I wrote the story of "Bonny Grizy Cochrane" some ten years ago, and as my version differs in some of its features from the one in ST. NICHOLAS, I desire to call attention to the fact, rather to compare notes than otherwise, regarding this remarkable romance of the moor of Tweedmouth.

According to the story as I learned it, the gallant heroine twice successfully robbed the king's mail, thus securing the original death-warrant and the second, or duplicate, which had been sent after it became known that the first was lost. On the first of these occasions, the girl started from her father's castle, near Berwick, and effected her object while the post-rider slept at a wayside inn. In the second robbery, she went from Edinburgh, as your contributor has it, but she did not dispose of the remainder of the mail as described, but secreted it; for, otherwise, it would have been but a child's work to trace the robbery, which would have been fatal to Sir John's safety. The negotiations for the pardon were conducted by the Earl of Dundonald—a kinsman of Sir John Cochrane—through the king's confessor. Grizel Cochrane was the great grandmother of Mr. Coult, the once celebrated London banker.

I spent a part of the summer of 1850 in Scotland, and was for some days in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where Sir John Cochrane's castle stood, and even at that late period, the story of "Bonny Grizy" was often mentioned in the neighborhood. Later on, while in Edinburgh, I found in the library of a friend a little 12mo book, containing six short stories, with the title-page: "Border Tales. Founded on historical facts. By John Throcton. Edinburgh, 1764."

One of these was the story of "Grizel Cochrane's heroic effort to save her father's life," and, after reading it, I entered in my note-book the main features of the story. In the same year, while prowling round an old book-shop, I stumbled on some dilapidated leaves of what had once been a collection of ballads, on one leaf of which was a date 1690—the last figure so defaced I could not make it out, but thought it a 3 or an 8). There were two complete ballads and parts of two others. One of these defaced copies had nine stanzas and part of the tenth verse of a ballad entitled "Cochrane's Bonny Grizy." I bought the fragment for a sixpence, I think, and carried it to London, where I was then living. About 1860 or '62 I came across a volume of reprinted "Border Ballads," which was published by Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman in 1837; and among these was the ballad of "Cochrane's Bonny Grizy" complete.

Both Throcton's tale and each of these ballads concur in making Grizy Cochrane commit the double robbery.

Yours very truly H. POMEROY BREWSTER.

Here is another letter concerning the story. It comes from a little girl living in Quincy, Massachusetts:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number there is a piece called "Grizel Cochrane's Ride." In an old magazine called "Wilson's Tales of the Borders," November 5, 1834, the same story was published; but, though the facts are the same, the story seems to me far more probable. I thought you might like to have a little girl tell you where another version of the same story was found by her.

Truly yours, MARY W. D.—(twelve years old).

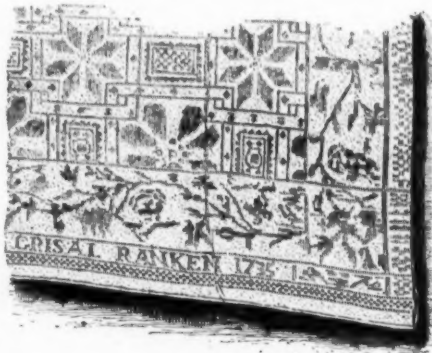
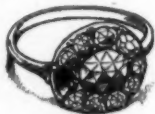
We were careful to state beneath the title of "Grizel Cochrane's Ride" that the story, as printed in ST. NICHOLAS, was "founded upon an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion." The records of the time are indeed "hazy and uncertain,"—to use Mr. Brewster's words; and in addition to the authorities which he cites, we have been referred to still another version of the story, published in *Chambers' Miscellany*, years ago. In that account, it is stated that Grizel drew out the loads from the postman's pistols while he lay asleep in the inn, and successfully robbed him of the mail-bags upon the highway, after he had resumed his journey. When she demanded the bags, he pointed both pistols at her and drew the triggers in suc-

cession; but of course their fire was without effect; and when the postman, finding his weapons useless, dismounted and tried to clutch Grizel or her horse, she not only escaped his grasp by dexterous use of the spurs, but contrived also to seize the bridle of the postman's horse. This gained, she put both steeds to the gallop, leaving the helpless postman to gaze after the vanishing mail-bags and then trudge back on foot to the nearest town.

In other respects also, the account which we have mentioned differs from the version quoted by Mr. Brewster, as well as from the one printed in our February number. There seems to be a basis in historic annals for accepting as a fact the main incident of the story—Grizel's robbery of the postman to obtain her father's death-warrant. But it probably would be useless to attempt at this day to verify any of the details of the adventure, or to reconcile the various forms of the story. It has, no doubt, suffered the fate of other border tales and traditions by being changed and amplified in its descent from one generation to another.

It will interest our readers to know that there is now living in New York a gentleman who is a direct descendant of Grizel Cochrane, the heroine of the story under discussion. He has authorized us to state that Grizel's plucky feat is a prized tradition of his family, who implicitly believe in it as a fact; and he has kindly shown us an old "rose-diamond" ring which, he says, was presented to Grizel by her father, Sir John Cochrane, in commemoration of her daring adventure in his behalf. This ring was owned by the late Professor Rankine of Glasgow University, who describes it in his will—a copy of which is before us—as "the diamond ring formerly belonging to Grizel Cochrane, or Rankine, my great-grandmother."

By the courtesy of the gentleman in whose family this interesting keepsake is preserved, we are permitted to show to ST. NICHOLAS readers an engraving of the ring and also a miniature copy of a corner of a napkin that was woven in Grizel Cochrane's house. It is one of a set of six that have descended as a family heirloom, and in the corners may be seen the name of Grizel Ranken, a daughter or a niece



of the heroine of our story. Grizel Cochrane herself may have been still living at the time when the date (1735) was woven into the napkin,—and it is even possible that the name and date were wrought into the fabric by the same hand that drew the pistol upon the startled postman many years before.

By an oversight, which we regret, the name of the author of the French verse, "La Main," printed on page 364 of ST. NICHOLAS for March, was omitted when the page was sent to press. We now take pleasure in stating that the clever lines were written by Jean Aicard, a well-known French author, whose writings are very popular in his native country.

We give below three translations of the verse, kindly sent us by readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE HAND.

The thumb, the first of the five fingers of the hand,
Said to the second, "Ah, I am so hungry!"
The index, or second, finger said, "We have no bread."
The middle finger said, "If that is to be done?"
"As one can," said the ring-finger.
"Oh! oh! oh!" said the smallest;
"Who works lives!"
"Who works lives!"
FANNY D. B.—

THE HAND.

The thumb, which of all the five fingers comes first,
Said to the second, "Ah, hungry am I!"
"Alack! and alas! we have no nice, good bread,"
The finger which came second then did reply.
The middle one spoke, "Oh, what shall we do?"
"Do? We'll do what we can," said the ring-finger then.
And the little one said, "Pshaw! pshaw! oh, pooh, pooh!"
(He was the smallest of all the small men.)
"To live, one must work,"
He muttered again.
MIRIAM O.— (aged thirteen).

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

Hungry little Frenchmen,
Five, all in a bunch—
Fatty to his henchmen
Cried aloud for lunch:
"Ah qu'j'ai faim!"

Much astonished second
Could n't find the bread—
First his neighbor beckon'd,
Then he sadly said:
"N'y a pas d' pain!"

Puzzled by the riddle—
Here 's a howdy do!
Chappy in the middle
Don't know what to do:
"Comment faire?"

Brother Punchinello,
Always debonair—
Merry little fellow,
Sings this jolly air:
"Mangez l'air!"

While young Peewee
Upon his knee,
As all can see,
Wrote rapidly:

Ah qu'j'ai faim!
N'y a pas d' pain!
Comment faire!
Mangez l'air!
E. W. K.

READERS of Mr. Stockton's article in this number entitled "King London," and indeed all readers of ST. NICHOLAS, will be interested in this letter from Mrs. Katharine S. MacQuoid concerning a London project for the benefit of sick and incurable children. Mrs. MacQuoid's interesting account of Cheyne Hospital has a practical import for our English readers—many of whom may be glad to do what they can in aid of so noble a charity:

THE CHEYNE HOSPITAL FOR SICK AND INCURABLE CHILDREN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are in London and elsewhere in England, hundreds of crippled and suffering children, little diseased creatures whose homes are so small and poor that they can not be specially cared for. It has sometimes happened that a child suffering from hip disease has had to share a bed with three healthy brothers and sisters.

Some of these sad cases get admitted to one of the regular children's hospitals, and after the allotted time expires, they are discharged as "incurables," and they go home to suffer perhaps yet more acutely from the contrast which home offers to the kind care and skillful treatment received from nurses and doctors.

About ten years ago, a tentative effort to meet this evident want was made in a small house beside the Thames, No. 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and very soon so much sympathy was aroused by its success, that the originators of the scheme were able to add an adjoining house to the little hospital, and thirty-four cots were provided for patients, most of whom were suffering from hip and spinal disease. Several of these cots have since been permanently endowed.

The hospital is excellently managed; it has an admirable lady superintendent, devoted nurses, and skillful doctors; several cases

discharged from other hospitals have been eventually cured here; only the other day a lad of sixteen came to see me, who at four years old was declared to be incurably afflicted with spine disease; he is now able to walk and to earn his living.

But these houses in Cheyne Walk are very old; the constant need of repair is costly, and since last winter it has been necessary to close one ward, because the back rooms are unfit for occupation.

A new hospital is wanted and a piece of ground has been bought on which to build it. The new site faces the river, so that the little patients will still be able to watch the boats and steamers on the "silent highway."

I have watched the progress of Cheyne Home for ten years, and I always find the children bright and happy. It is sometimes difficult when one goes into a ward to realize, in the din of merry laughter, that so many of these dear little ones are afflicted with incurable disease, and will probably never rise from their cots; yet it has been proved here that hip disease treated in an early stage may be cured; one child aged seven has made a complete recovery.

Several of the little patients are very interesting. The boy in the cot founded in memory of Charles Kingsley would have delighted the great man whose picture hangs over his head.

Cheyne Hospital, besides nursing its inmates, secures country and sea air for its convalescent patients, and, when possible, it enables them to be taught a trade. Incurable patients are kept and most tenderly cared for, as long as human care is needed.

It has never been in debt, but the funds which maintain the little hospital can not be treasured on for this much-needed new building, and I make this appeal in the hope of liberal help, so that a new hospital may be built large enough to admit some of the numerous candidates whom the present hospital is compelled to refuse. There is only one other such hospital in London.

Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is open every day to visitors, between half-past two and half-past four. Donations or subscriptions for the new Hospital Building Fund should be addressed to the Secretary, 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, faithfully yours,
KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

WE take pleasure in commending to the attention of our readers the accompanying picture, which is a notable illustration of what can be accomplished by a clever boy.



The drawing was made by Harry C. Brearley of Detroit, at the age of fourteen, and is a portrait of his baby-sister "Marguerite." Other specimens of the young artist's work are equally creditable to his talent and skill.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

PARIS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was staying at Nice during the recent earthquakes, I thought you might like to have a description of them from one of your most devoted readers.

At three minutes of six, the 23d of February, I was awakened by a most terrific shaking and banging, as though all the mountains behind our hotel were tumbling on the roof, while the house, a huge one, rolled till I thought every moment it would fall; frightened shrieks were heard from all sides, in which I heartily joined. This lasted one minute and a half, for at the first rumblings two of my friends, suspecting what was coming, timed it exactly. Of course, every one jumped up immediately, and the most curious costumes I have ever seen appeared in the corridors that fearful night. Most consisted of a blanket or quilt thrown over their night-gowns; some, less lucky and more frightened, seized up an old shawl; the whole population was dreadfully scared.

Twenty minutes later there was another shock nearly as severe as the first, though not so long; at half-past eight, one lighter still, but enough to cause the wildest terror; since then they have been perceptibly lighter, though quite enough to drive a great many visitors, ourselves included, away from the coast. Some dreadful damage was done, though only four people were actually killed by it. One poor governess had her floor give way under her, while the walls and roofs fell on top of her; and an old lady died of fright in her bed. One family of ten, living in a rickety house on the fifth flat, getting very much alarmed, jumped from the windows, and all landed unhurt on a tree below (a curious story) where they comfortably roasted till morning, while their house was shaken to ruins. They would inevitably have been killed, had they remained in it. No one can doubt the truth of this statement, for I read it in a newspaper!

But I am afraid I am taking too much room in your precious magazine; so wishing ST. NICHOLAS a very long life, I remain, your enthusiastic reader, BEATRICE L. B.

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was proposed to me to-day to write you, as it may interest some of your readers to hear of the earthquakes in the south of France from one who felt them. We were at Cannes, and since we have come here, people tell me we felt nothing; but I was *there*, and can tell a different story. It was almost six A. M. when we were awakened by the trembling of the hotel. My bed moved so much that I fancied for the moment I was at sea, and was not frightened. The noise, however, was the most alarming part of our shock. Had several railway trains passed under our windows, I doubt if it would have been louder; all the electric bells rang from the trembling of the wires. Five minutes after the earthquake every one was in the garden, where the scene was almost funny. Several of the rooms on the upper floors were damaged, but nothing seriously. Every one seemed to have saved something. One lady with her *umbrella* had left her jewels. We remained out-of-doors until after eight o'clock, when we came in to breakfast. There was more trembling later, but we were but little frightened. It was at night that the true feeling of helplessness came upon one. The following nights were far from pleasant. People said there would be shocks at all hours, and, while one did not believe them, it was hard not to be nervous. The occupants of the rooms on my left talked long and late upon the possibility of being "jammed," and, as the walls were thin, I heard every word, and decided to dress at once. Both Wednesday and Thursday nights there were slight shocks, but the latter evening and night were so hot we were unable to suppress fears. I made myself as comfortable as possible on my bed, and afterward found my parents had done the same. It was not until Thursday we heard of the damage done to Nice, Mentone, and the small Italian towns. We drove once through a little village near Cannes, where the church has since fallen in on a number of peasants. We were at Cannes some months, and all enjoyed the many beautiful drives about there, and the days spent on the water. We visited the fort where the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned seventeen years, and the ruins of the old monastery on the Island St. Honorat. We were a small party that day, and, having plenty of time, my father made several sketches, while my friend and myself took several photographs of the islands. I have written much more than I at first intended. Hoping it is not too long, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

E—.

P. S.—I read the very interesting letter from Charleston, and thought one from Cannes might interest also.

LEICESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My object in writing to you is to tell you how delighted my little brother Willie, aged five, was with the tale in the last number, entitled "A Queer Horse-Car." I have read it to him five times already, and now he wants to hear it again.

I am, your constant reader, ALICE H—.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We three friends have just read General Adam Badeau's interesting account of the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor, and as we live near the scene of action, all the points on the map are very familiar to us. Every summer we make frequent visits to Old Point, and see the fort where the Union battery was during the war. Many relics of the battle, and the remains of the dry-dock where the Merrimac was built, are still to be seen at the Gosport Navy Yard. The Franklin, one of the oldest ships in the navy, has had her resting-place here for many years, as she is unserviceable for sea and is used as a receiving-ship. Living here, right on the water, we go on board of all the men-of-war which come to this port, and take special joy in airing our knowledge of French and German before the officers of the ships of those nations. We have taken your magazine for many years, and never tire of reading your charming stories, and especially those of E. S. Brooks.

Yours, J. P. and N.

NEW HARTFORD, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been sick, and one day my sister and I made rhymes. I send you one of mine, with original illustrations. I am twelve years old and am ill much of the time. I always am so glad when ST. NICHOLAS comes. Yours,

GRACE CAMERON.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little kitten, eight months old, and my name is Bessie. In your last number I saw a letter from a doll named Lucy. From her letter, I think she must be very disagreeable. My little mistress Adèle has dolls, but they are very nice. When she has company, she makes me sit up in a chair, and hold one of them. Then her friends laugh, and make fun of me. While

Adele is at school I tear up her paper dolls, if she leaves them where I can get them. When she comes home, she is provoked at first, but afterward she laughs, and I do it again if I get the chance. I had my picture taken, and what a time I had! Adele took me three times before I could get a good one taken. I have a dear little collar and bell. When I want to go out of a room, and the door is shut, I shake my head and my little bell rings till somebody lets me out. I can do all kinds of tricks, but I can't talk. When I go out and sit at the door, the neighbors' rude dogs come and bark at me. Then I cry until Adele comes and takes me in the house. I must say good-night, as Mamma does not know I am writing.

Adele's pet,

BESSIE.

DETROIT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you several times, but my letters have always been laid aside and not mailed. I guess Mamma thought they were not worth mailing, and I think perhaps she was right.

My last birthday, which was my tenth, my mamma made a little surprise party for me. My papa gave you to me for a Christmas present about two years ago, and I liked you so much that I have kept on taking you. Although I have taken a number of different papers and magazines, I like you the best of all. I especially liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Prince Fairyfoot," and am now much interested in "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-house."

Well, I guess you will think I am never going to stop; so I will say good-bye, and give the others a chance. I remain,
Your affectionate reader, ALICE M. E.—

HERE are some rhymes written by a little boy while a student at an English school:

THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS.

BY HERBERT MUSGRAVE (TEN YEARS OLD).

NOW the holidays are done,
Oh, the joy! and oh, the fun!
No more sleighing on the slope,
No more splicing of a rope,
No more plowing of a path
In the snow to make you laugh,
No more shooting at the cock,
No more putting it in dock,
No more making of the craft
Which people say looks like a raft;
No more getting up at nine,
No more kicking up a shine,
No more getting lines to do,
No more burning up one's shoe,
No more brushing of the snow
From the ice on which to go.
To do all work, and never play.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have just returned from Germany, where I have been for the last three years. I went to Vienna, Heidelberg, and several other large cities, besides a good many country places. We spent two winters in Dresden, but I do not like it nearly as well as Vienna. I knew some German when I went there, but Mamma wanted me to learn to speak it well, so I was not allowed to talk any English, and the only English I was allowed to read was the ST. NICHOLAS, which my uncle sent over to me every month. So you see I have become very much attached to dear old ST. NICK. Coming back, we staid in France about two months, spending most of the time in Paris. Then we went to London, and I never before saw such a smoky, dirty city, and it did nothing but rain all the time we were there. Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From your interested reader,

EDITH L.—

HANSEL, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After dinner (it is ten minutes of twelve now) I will have my pony saddled and bridled and go to town to mail this letter. I am twelve years old.

My pony is four, but he does not look one year old because he is so small. He is a great pet, and his name is Kleide. He will eat sugar—so much. He is an Indian pony, and he "bucks." I like to have him "buck." Do you know what "buck" means? I will

tell you; it means—for the pony to stop suddenly when he is running (or galloping) and throw his head down, so that it nearly touches the ground.

I have two other pets, Quailie, a dog, and Brutus, the cat. I think you must think I am never going to get through writing about my pets, so I will change the theme.

I like "Juan and Juanita" ever so much. There are wild bees here that make their homes (or hives) in trees, and my cousin sometimes gets them and puts them in real hives. But he will not do so any more for a long time, for he is at college. Perhaps you think I am a boy. I am not; I am a girl, and I must stop, or you, ST. NICHOLAS, will say, "Woe is me! but this letter cannot enter the Letter-box, because it alone would fill it up." So good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS; you are the best magazine on this continent.

I am ever your friend,

E. G. M.—

HUDSON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, and have never seen but one letter from this city in your Letter-box, so I thought I would write. We have taken you ever since your first number, and we all like you very much.

I go to the high school, and expect to graduate in June. There will be ten girls in our class. Last year there was one boy in the class, but he deserted us last June. We are all worrying over our essays, and all looking for subjects. Probably some of your readers have been through it all, and know how to sympathize with us.

I liked the "Story of the Merrimac and Monitor," and "Jenny's Boarding-house," very much.

Your friend and constant reader,

S.—

NO.PLYMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since 1883, and like it more and more each year. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Prince Fairyfoot" I think were splendid, and so is "Juan and Juanita."

I will be ten years old in May. My April ST. NICHOLAS came Monday, and I was delighted to get it. I think that the "Brownies" are the funniest little things that I ever saw. I like "Historic Girls" very much. I live in Plymouth, the old town where the Pilgrims landed.

I was very much interested in the names for different things. I send you two or three to add to the list,—the roots of a tooth, the veins of a leaf, and the teeth of a rake. Good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS.

MAY S.—

THAME, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before. There are four of us. Edith comes first; she is thirteen; Edgar, who is eleven, and then myself; I am ten; and then George, who is eight. Edith is at school in Surrey, and I am going down to her next term, and Edgar is going to St. Paul's, in London, and George is at Brighton. We have three dogs: a thoroughbred collie named Wallace, which belongs to Edith, and a Skye terrier that belongs to Mother,—its name is Rags,—and a Yorkshire terrier named Tip that belongs to me. Mother has a pony named Taffy that we ride, and some pigs. Edith has got a doe rabbit, and I have some fowls—five—and a rooster; and Edgar has a bullfinch; so we don't come badly off for pets. Father has taken you for about ten years, and we all like you very much. I have a good many dolls, but I don't care for them one bit. With much love, I remain,

Your admiring reader, MAY P.—

OUR thanks for the receipt of pleasant letters are due to the young friends whose names here follow: Margaret F. Morse, Mabel B., Jessie DeG., Mary R., George Priest, Edith E. Abbott, G. M. A., C. L., Sarah Plant, Samuel and G. A. E. V., T. Wallace, B. Chandler, Two Little Maids, "Heathen," Ray Smith, B. M. D., Walter E. Jones, Meg R., Annie B. K., Lillian Bay, K. M. H., Alice Keener, Bessie M. C., Fred. L. M., M. H. Fiebee, C. M. G., Grace Edith T., Frankie Goss, Gracie G., Nettie R., Mary M., A. B. Dod, Grace F. Eldredge, Lucille W. Garrison, Tom D. Perry, Frieda S., Ethel Norton, M. A., Jessie M. Ketcham, Eva K., Turner B. Bunn, Adolphus M. S., Florence J. H., Mary A. Weller, John G. Legge, Willie Hollenbeck, Fred Driver, May Robinson, Mollie Gibson, Frank R. C. B., Marion, L. L. K., Bertie B., W. W. Croom, Jessie and Ruth W., Emily T. Howell, Anna McC., Robert J. H., A. R. Q., Hattie Howe, Addie Chambers, Chippie Howell, M. K. Lethem, Nina F. J., Percy H. Parke, B. C., "Snowdrop," Bertha B., Irene S., L. L. Lloyd, Florence E. Nelson, Maud, Charles C. F., Helen B., M. R., Kate and Grace, Ida Strauss, Norman, and K.

LIST OF THE NAMES OF SOLVERS OF "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."—(CONTINUED.)

(See ST. NICHOLAS for April, page 478.)

FROM 45 TO 50.—(Continued.) O. Smith, E. E. Carman, M. S. Tracy, B. F. and J. W. H. Porter, L. Sparks, A. McLennan, E. Stanton, M. and R. Cole, C. Blossom, T. B. Allen, J. Rudden, E. K. Moss, E. F. Pratt, F. P. Humphrey, E. M. Bushell, J. C. Butler, B. E. F., Katie S. M., "Buffie," H. B. F., C. M. Upton, L. C. de Coppet, "Hilda," F. W. Islip, G. Gray, E. C. Adams, J. V. Domiphon, Jr., Taygete and Cleone, F. H. Young, V. Young, M. Hussey, W. D. Booth, Dummore, N. Protzman, Ethel, Guy, and Fred, S. M. Kennedy, Ida and Lucy, L. L. Roby, A. Cowperthwait, N. and L. Moore, L. McClellan, A. S. Wood, "Chromatecla," M. Baldwin, J. E. W., M. Eyre, B. Schoonmaker, "Junius," "Ines R.," "Rustic," C. Gilman, G. I. Virgin, A. McElroy, G. Hillard, Berrys, B. Johnson, A. Valentine, "Largs," Ethel S., L. M. Aitkinson, R. B. Broaders, Job and Star, A. G. Bishop, B. Roberts, "Wyo and Colo," "Delta," B. Alt, C. I. Coppins, May B. Q., Earl and Roy, L. Houghton, G. M. W., E. Hannington, "We, Us, and Co.," C. L. B. J. Bingham, "Combination," E. and E. Hope, C. Mezger, J. B. and R. D. Carter, S. Park, Jr., M. Somerville, E. G. Eccles, E. Caser, L. M. Moore, M. Hannis, Katie D., M. Hopper, E. and W. B., Lettie R., Ida, A. L. Mudge, H. K. Gaskill, A. G. Farwell, Tessa, Clara H. S., W. H. F. F. Spie, S. H. P., R. Player, M. E. Robbins, E. R. Pearce, I. M. H., "Delight," M. Glennie, D. E. and A. Kingston, "Venus," M. Spence, D. True, M. B. Butler, A. J. Klapp, M. A. J., M. Isaacs, A. C., F. L. Dudgeon, W. M. Tuller, R. F. Alexander, Nini, D. Hadger, A. M. Salsbury, E. M. Belleville, M. S. Rodgers, Mrs. L. D. C., L. J. S. Brown, F. Holcomb, R. E. Standiff, H. C. Shrewsbury, V. C. S. Van Helden, D. Coe, K. Wilson, J. H. Wilkes, C. F. Bunnell, W. P. H., Jr., L. S. Flynt, A. H. Young, H. S. Mason, F. B. Stocking, Muriel and Guy, A. M. Osborn, D. Furman, J. B., H. M. Rohm, No Name, Hugh and Cis, M. P. F., M. B. Brown, E. B. Slaughter, Etta R., D. Low, H. Heinzen, H. and M. L. Ward, C. B. Walker, Budge, Jim, and Toby, A. Roberts, C. Thacher, "The Brownies," D. S. Wylie, F. L. Bradley, A. L. Lyon, E. B. Elliot, D. Gordon A. C., "Gyp," Estelle, N. Cardridge, R. S. Tucker, D. Perry, E. Coles, L. A. Houston, L. H. Warner, M. Kaler, A. W. Chase, B. C. Beck, S. E. P., "A Reader," M. Bridges, "Tema," H. Crabtree, "Solon," M. A. C. Burr, E. A. Jenkins, M. F. L. E. and M. G. Haviland, E. H. Gibbons, E. W. C. M. and J. S. Chamberlain, Jennie, Frank B., J. W. Grame, W. A. Donald, I. E. Goodrich, C. L. Gilbert, M. E. Woolley, R. Driggs, H. and F. W., K. H. C., A. C. P., George R., W. and C. Child, V. M. Elting, B. Gott, A. L. Granbery, A. Du Bois Sower, M. L. Fisher, P. Barrett, F. Rosengarten, A. McGibney, E. B., I. H. S., A. L. Fearn, M. W. Carr, Mrs. J. Kempster, E. Thompson, M. A. M., P. Peacham, W. S. Trumbull, N. Danford, M. and A. Donnelly, L. W. C., A. Major, W. and B. Richardson, B. Green, "Imp," G. M. Sears, K. Miracle, H. I. R., B. A. Cottlow, T. W. Park, P. E. Boishmere, B. E. Ellis, L. B. Shaw, A. G. Sicksel, W. Kelly, L. Haskell, E. G. Banta, Grace W., Rea Hanna, Amice, "Learned Pig," L. M. Braunlich, G. and E. Hickok, No Name, Galesburg, H. S. F. S. Haight, I. H. Martin, "Woodpeckers," L. Carr, M. Clark, M. H. Follett, K. Bucknam, G. E. Ward, B. J. Sherman, M. H. Ritchie, K. M. Hunter, "Navy Yard," H. H. Dickerson, M. E. Vincent, C. B. Gabriel, E. Hollinshead, G. M. Gore, V. C. H., E. Woodruff, R. Randall, W. F. Michael and Harry, N. B. Fowler, A. W. Naylor, J. and G. Cooke, E. Mason, W. Holland, G. M. Tozier, M. G. A., A. H. Kaupke, "Celia," B. S. K., E. B. Auerbach, F. and S. Krus, S. K., The Bodeaux, H. Hill, F. Pritchard, Arthur and Mildred, F. E. Long, Von Dorsten, L. J. English, F. H. Ward, Madge, Irene, and Cecil, A. Cameron, J., "Medico," "Lilian," J. M. Marples, I. P. Bates, H. and L. Flanigan, F. S. Williams, M. A., K. L. Robertson, A. E. Parsons, H. C. Olcott, C. Shumway, E. L. Matrice, A. E. White, D. Matthews, A. Howell.

45. A. R. Douglass, E. A. and I. R. S., Theo. and Elsie, M. P., Three Little Maids, Gertrude S., A. and M. Fries, W. J. L., M. E. Platt, J. Allen, Margie, J. P. Andersen, Jim and Topsy, A. B. C. D. J.—, H., M. W. Langdon and M. D. Whittier, Ida and Dessie, M. and B. Dixon, E. M., J. and L. Murdoch, J. G. S., E. A. S., and E. S., N. Clark, D. Haskell, A. Manchester, H. H. Cornell, N. D. Sherman, W. H. Powell, C. M. Bradley, B. Brush, "Three Friends," H. H. Meeder, Friedrich, E. St. C. Whitney, L. Blockley, A. McReynolds, E. T. Terry, C. Benton, O. O. Partridge, G. Sealey, A. H. Scott, C. Rogers, A. J. Wilcox, W. L. McConway, A. R. Anthony, E. Abbott, T. Richards, E. May, P. S. Hall, M. M. Mathews, E. L. Phillips, M. Morse, E. H. Hudson, C. A. Keley, L. Bolton, "Ginger," C. Loeb, M. and G. Putnam, N. and R. Holbrook, H. G., M. G., H. H., and S. H. A. L. Shepard, "Several Readers," M. H. W. Silvester, Ned R., "Vineta," M. Barrie, "King Arthur," M. C. Lamborn, H. W. Clark, F. D. Van Dien, E. K. Talboys, M. H. W., K. W. Greene, H. H., C. H. Stutsman, M. C. M., A. L. Loving, J. H. Redfield, Jr., "Queen Mab," Daisy H., "Paw," G. Stern, Marcus and Ted, B. and M. Gillespie and E. Hubner, A. Belin, B. Casey, W. V. Pettit, Jr., H. Coleman, F. C. Weber, H. Hawthorne, L. Dale, M. R. S. and S. W. S., E. R. Larned, D. Miller, G. W. Cutler, Pyott Family, A. M. Sayre, W. M. Gardner, G. Atwater, C. Kuhn, A. Crane, R. Nelson, B. M. Hartshorn, J. L. W., B. W. Pratt, H. L. and A. Johnson and S. Raynor, F. Orth, S. and C. Loewenstein, F. A. Fairchild, L. Arms, A. L. Bidehman, C. R. Jones, A. S. Pier, M. L. W. B., B. Bell, W. and B., M. W. and A. Aubin, Am, May and Eloise, T. K. Sturdevant, R. M. Abbott, G. Stanley, L. E. Bombard, E. A. Forbes, Cupid and Stupid, F. A. H. R. I. L., A. P. Wells, R. H. Baker, S. W. Reed, J. M. C. and A. S. A., H. Swift, M. A. Daggett, I. J., J. and B. Brawner, S. C. DeFollett, F. W., E. B. Hickey, H. H. Seaver, M. C. Maule, L. Packard, M. Watts, H. Foster, M. E. Plummer, E. A. C. Holding, J. M. Bullock, T. Leonard, B. Cosgrove, P. B. Morey, "Nanki Poo," J. W. Young, L. M. A. H., Clara, C. H. Richards, M. Gregory, F. M. T. Rhodes, C. L. Smith, "Tiny Tim," P. F. Stevens, J. R. Slater, H. D. Slater, B. Magie, C. H. B., F. C. Clarke, "Alpha," E. Bond, M. W. B., L. M. Barwood, E. C. Shearman, Jennie H., N. Krap, G. Wetherell, R. T. Leopold, George, Retta, and Frances, H. George, "Odin," H. C. Stair, B. Carmichael, H. S. Arnold, H. F. Fish, E. and F. Green, M. E. M. and L. M. H., P. E. Braem, L. W. Bosworth, E. P. Collin, A. C. Johnson, C. H. Thompson, R. Kelsey, C. C. Carpenter, L. Moses, E. R. Bassett, R. S. Bryant, G. K. Bell, H. Wiltjen, J. C. Vorce, N. Kelker, M. G. Fiero, "Toboggan," A. Burnham, J. Gilmore, A. G. Culver, B. Glover, M. Richmond, A. A. and C. K. Post, F. M. Thomas, K. D. G., F. Gibb, G. Taintor, M. and E. Woodruff, L. A. Clark, M. Shirr, A. H. S., M. R. Saunders, O. H. Duncan, C. M. C., S. T. Patton, G. A. Sullivan, P. Colby, W. S. Noble, E. Hall, W. C. P., E. R. Branson, E. McDermid, J. C. Drew, Nellie and Reggie, A. L. Frost, S. LeR., K. Lillie and Walter, L. C. A., J. R. Thomas, L. Davidson, E. E. Hutchinson, W. M. Spalding, M. T. S., M. Alling, H. Williams, M. Mason, R. McCampbell, J. W. Motte, Jr., A. Strang, S. A. M., J. A. Norris, G. McCabe, A. Whitney, A. M. Hovey, E. M. Wheeler, A. H. Rundlett, B. Harrison, K. F. Day, Mona and Enna, Fanny, Tom, and Helen, L. Eastman, F. Ellsworth, K. Washington and F. Innis, G. and H. Richards, B. and H. Read, A. S. Angell, T. Stanton, Nora and Alice, W. Jackson, N. E. E., I. Hall, Constant Reader, M. Granger, E. T. Parmelee, W. B. A. and C. H. A., A. D. Smith, M. M. McL., No Name, C. R. Macfarlane, E. A. Shockley, George and I., E. Hardee, G. M. W., Tricyclist, C. Belden, M. Hinds, El Coyote, H. M. Zebley, J. C. Hanscom, E. M. Crane, "The Blankes," M. Hoyt, B. Hamilton, L. B. Audubon, J. W. Thompson, P. Mercer, "Peanuts," E. Morgan, A. Brooks, N. N. Wilson, R. Ware, J. M. Corning, Rachael, M. E. Whittier, B. and A. Fossard, M. L. Farwell, "St. Louis Pansy," W. F. Moody, Jr., M. A. Coe, E. H. Jones, Dot Lee, C. C. Bridgman, B. Wheaton, M. A. Horner, M. Richards, M. and M. Blanchard, Jo. Ruby, Mamma, Nan, and I., R. L. Van Zandt, M. Du Roy, J. W. Lockett, K. Weeks, D. Conant and B. Colman, Puffett and Bogert, M. Ely, Katherine, D. B. Foster, D. and R. K., S. and B. Rhodes, H. E. Smith, A. N. Brown, H. W. Baldwin, G. F. Fogg, M. W. McNair, J. Howes, A. T. Bailey, I. S. B., E. G. H., M. C. Baker, H. A. Homer, F. T. Tobey, B. H. Estery, B. Rhodes, M. and Z. Leiland, K. L. Carlsle, M. M. Ruz, L. V. F., E. I. Ray, E. W. Whittemore, M. Lankton, L. Pepon, C. H. Henderson, M. Calder, M. M. Bliss, W. M. Goodale, R. O. Howell, "Nero," A. L. White, F. C. Ely, A. C. Moon, Stuart G., A. and E. Crowell, M. E. W., C. Richon, M. H. Reid, Ruby, G. Kellogg, "Lotus," "Wood Violet," E. Bamberger, L. C. Rogers, J. A. Wheat, V. and A. Myers, X. Y. Z., Samuel M., F. A. N., J. C. R. Taylor, L. A. F. W. M. and S. G. Small, M. de Ybarrodes, E. S. White, M. W. Brown, H. C. B., A. R. Tilden, A. Whittom, May and Fay, W. H. Townsend, L. Loutrel, J. Duffy, J. Berryman, Eva B., M. C. Myers, Elmor Louise, "Girls of Ascension Hall," Billy and Papa McClintock, E. G. Rogers, M. Blake, A. G. Davis, C. F. Everdell, W. W. R., E. E. Denny, C. L. V. S., L. F. McWhorter, L. H. S., E. L. Carpenter, C. C. F., J. B. F., Frank, R. A. Newlin, B. Jackson, W. Street, R. H. Hobart, J. B. Hubbard, J. R. B., M. Chandler, R. H. Bunker, W. Walden, M. A. Y., M. B. Breed, S. C. C., W. J. McClure, F. L. Hamilton, N. Hammond, F. Waterman, G. W. Allen, E. V. Slagle, V. B. and I. M. Jacobs, A. Muldoon, Essie, F. R. Schoonmaker, Mrs. A. L. Ellis, "Ted," E. A. Miller, Wm. C. Krichbaum, W. A. Greene, F. M. Blizard, C. W. G. and J. Lamb, L. G. Dietrick, J. A. Reed, E. and M. St. John, M. E. B., C. K. and G. K., C. Burbank, E. E., Doucy, M. L. Kleinschmidt, "Sunshine," L. Jones, Yum Yum. (To be continued.)

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

TRIANGLE. From 1 to 8, May Queen; from 9 to 15, May-pole. Cross-words: 1. M. 2. Am. 3. Yea. 4. Quay. 5. Usurp. 6. Eskimo. 7. Eternal. 8. Nominative.

AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE. Facetiousness. BEHEADINGS. Bartholdi. Cross-words: 1. B-are. 2. A-cid. 3. R-ace. 4. T-our. 5. H-arm. 6. O-men. 7. L-ore. 8. D-ark. 9. I-con.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, Early. Cross-words: 1. dr-E-am. 2. sc-A-is. 3. bo-R-ne. 4. ho-L-ly. 5. mo-Y-le. WORD-SQUARE. 1. Heart. 2. Eager. 3. Agree. 4. Reeds. 5. Tress.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, demerit; 1 to 3, dentate; 2 to 3, tactile; 4 to 5, memento; 4 to 6, maracan; 5 to 6, oration.

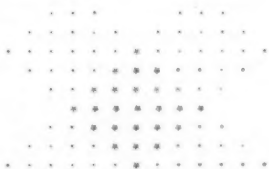
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Philip; finals, Sydney. Cross-words: 1. Pleiades. 2. Honestly. 3. Inflamed. 4. Lengthen. 5. Impolite. 6. Pedantry.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In consequence of advancing the date of issue, hereafter answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St. New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Arthur Gride—Maud E. Palmer—Harry H. Meeder—Willie C. Serrell—"Agricola"—Z. Y. X—"Paul Reese"—Julia and Papa—Nellie B. and Elise Ripley—Russell Davis—"Betsy and Patsy"—Blanche and Fred—"Sam Anselmo"—Belle Murdoch—Winne D. Booth—Maggie T. Turill—Auntie, Jamie, and Mamma—Mary Ludlow—Nellie and Reggie—K. G. S.—M. E. d'A.—Solomon Quill—"Mab and Jap"—R. B. Stone—Mamma and Fanny—"Nero"—F. W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from B. B. P., 2—"Humbog O.", 3—Polly, 2—Kathie Lee, 11—Hezekiah and Jedediah, 2—Crystal, 5—"Fin MacCool", 5—W. W. B. Jr., 1—Kate Bell, 2—"Patty Pan", 2—Dick and D., 3—"Maid Marjory", 6—"Castilian", 2—X. L. C. R., 1—L. H. L. and D. M., 7—R. V. O., 7—Mary G. Wilbur, 1—"Vaulx", Nashville, 1—"Goose", 1—Louise Tallant, 1—Ellie and Susie, 4—Marie and Jessie, 1—C. E. Ruth, 7—C. F. M., 4—Mamma, Clara, and Minnie, 11—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 10—"Ayes", 4—Effie K. Talboys, 9—"Ben Zeene", 3—Lotta Linthicum, 1—J. W. and L. L. Lloyd, 10—"Leite", 10—Isabel C. A., 5—Edward North, 3—"Professor and Co.", 11—"May and 70", 9—"Rose Maybud", 9—"Sally Lumm" and "Johnny Cake", 9—"Family Kid", 8—"Le Brecht", 10—John G. Vogt, 4—"Bill Jones", 1—N. L. Howes, 10—G. L. M., 3—"Blithedale", 11—"Fanned", 10—L. C. B., 10—"Friends", 10—"Juan and Juanita", 1—"Prince Karl", 2—Eleanor and Maude, 3—Nell R., 9—R. H. and M. P., 9—Original Puzzle Club, 10—A. G. L., 6—B. Koehler, 10—"Lock and Key", 1—H. H. C., 1—H. D., 6—"Two Cousins", 11—No Name, Chicago, 6—Clare and Bessie, 9—Aurora, 2—Bertha Bowers, 1—Harou, 3—Lec, 1.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. Hurtful. 3. Presages. 4. A plank used for supporting the earth in mines. 5. An infidel. 6. Firm. 7. In mercy.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. To compute. 3. Five-sixths of a word meaning the outer part. 4. Making red. 5. Covers for the hands. 6. Three-fourths of a word meaning to venture. 4. In mercy.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. One who drinks to excess. 4. Club-formed. 5. A white insoluble powder, discovered by Liebig. 6. The edge. 7. In mercy.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. The name of one of the royal families of England. 4. A masculine name. 5. Virtuous. 6. Three-fourths of a small stream. 7. In mercy.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. A cup. 3. Five-sixths of a marsh. 4. Crookedness. 5. Merrily. 6. A pen. 7. In mercy.

MARY LUDLOW.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to mix and leave to loan. 2. BEHEAD an occurrence and leave to utter. 3. BEHEAD to correct and leave to repair. 4. BEHEAD spotted and leave attenuated. 5. BEHEAD the name of a poet

A BIRD PUZZLE. 1. Oil-bird. 2. Lyre-bird. 3. Butcher-bird. 4. Umbrella-bird. 5. Cat-bird. 6. Honey-bird. 7. Cow-bird. 8. Brush-bird. 9. Bell-bird. 10. Snake-bird. 11. Frigate-bird. 12. Cedar-bird. 13. Thorn-bird. 14. Sun-bird. 15. King-bird. 16. Weaver-bird. 17. Ant-bird. 18. Oven-bird. 19. Tailor-bird. 20. Locust-bird.

RHOMBUS. ACROSS: 1. Gyrate. 2. Easels. 3. Menace. 4. Rotate. 5. Rental. 6. Stated.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. ACROSS: I. 1. New York. 2. Blood. 3. Cub. 4. N. 5. Ago. 6. Bream. 7. Parried. II. 1. K. 2. All. 3. Annul. 4. Kindred. 5. Lurid. 6. Led. 7. D. III. 1. D. 2. Men. 3. Macaw. 4. Decreed. 5. Naeve. 6. Wee. 7. D. IV. 1. Nodular. 2. Polka. 3. Aye. 4. S. 5. Ask. 6. Fleet. 7. Dissent.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Ptolemy Philadelphus. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Cowslip.

and leave a Hebrew measure. 6. BEHEAD to run away and leave to leap. 7. BEHEAD a rambler and leave above.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous orator.

SUE AND MAY.

HOUR-GLASS.

ACROSS: 1. A disposition to deceive. 2. Errand. 3. A passage in a church. 4. To plunder. 5. One hundred. 6. Purpose. 7. To frighten. 8. Defeating. 9. To turn into ridicule.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a partner.

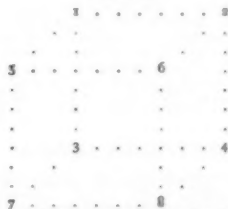
F. AND L.

DIAMOND.

1. In temperate. 2. A border of lace. 3. Exhausts. 4. A character in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "The Busybody." 5. To slander. 6. An old name for a large wooden vessel for holding water. 7. In temperate.

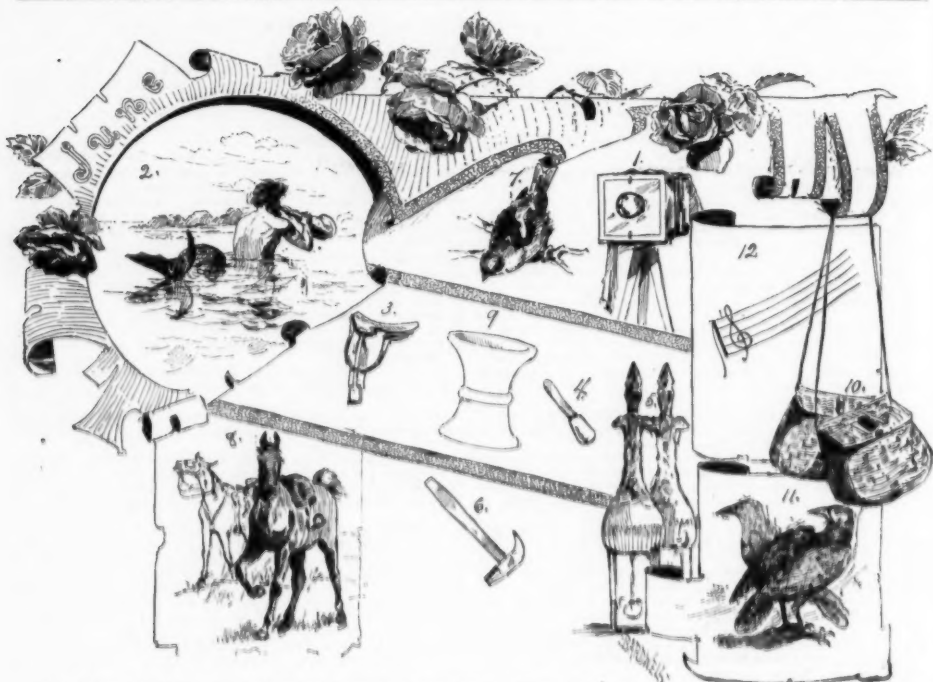
L. AND P.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a city in Warwickshire, England; from 2 to 4, a long Turkish dagger; 3 to 4, instruction given by way of caution; 1 to 3, a plant growing in the East Indies, the seeds of which are used in medicine; 5 to 6, a musical instrument similar to the guitar; 6 to 8, the poison which comes from tobacco; 7 to 8, covered with a shell made of plates; 5 to 7, a monument; 1 to 5, free from agitation; 5 to 6, a sailor's story; 4 to 8, a number; 3 to 7, to post.

"MYRTLE GREEN."



ALL of the twelve objects may be described by words of equal length. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, one of the perpendicular rows of letters will spell two words which are always associated with a certain day in June.

DOUBLE RHOMBROID.

* * * * *
* * * * *

THE letters indicated by stars are used in both rhomboids.

I. Left-hand rhomboid. Across: 1. To close. 2. An opening. 3. Carriage. 4. A sacred vessel. Downward: 1. In profit. 2. A river of Europe. 3. A river of Europe. 4. Kind. 5. Anything small. 6. A conjunction. 7. In profit.

II. Right-hand rhomboid. Across: 1. To impede. 2. Spoken. 3. To swagger. 4. An ancient city. Downward: 1. In yeast. 2. A preposition. 3. A sphere. 4. To separate. 5. A household deity among the ancient Romans. 6. To proceed. 7. In yeast.

"SOLOMON QUILT."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cold, but not in heat;
My second in slow, but not in fleet;
My third is in broad, but not in slim;
My fourth is in stiff, but not in prim;
My fifth is in scratch, but not in rub;
My sixth is in cane, but not in club;
My seventh in grip, but not in clinch;
My whole is said to be good at a pinch.

"LOU C. LEE."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and sixteen letters, and form four lines of a famous poem.

My 106-8-96-38-57-47-64-111-33-84 is sorcery. My 50-10-116-88-67-17-76-26-1-28-82-37-63 is a killing. My 91-73-6-79-11-94 is a public speaker. My 24-85-49-78-100-54 is a feminine name. My 80-110-68-103-59-86-102 is a place mentioned in the Bible. My 14-70-42-37-65-46-35-93 is a respite. My 43-83-104-40-21 is a foe. My 75-55-18-53-5-30-56 is a pagan. My 15-60-87-2-63 is an occurrence. My 20-101-114-112-109 is to frighten. My 97-29-81-13-45 is a bundle of stalks of grain. My 92-32-89-27 is a trailing plant. My 4-107-105-36 is articles of merchandise. My 99-113-58-34-48

is swift. My 98-44-71-16-3 is a mountain nymph. My 90-95-23-41-9 is partakes of a meal. My 74-12-61-66 is a vegetable growth. My 77-29-59-69-115 is having the qualities of fish. My 31-25-7 is a small fruit. My 19-108-72-51 is a cart used for heavy burdens.

"SILAS WEGG."

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take to have on from affirming solemnly and leave to utter musically. Answer, S-wear-ing.

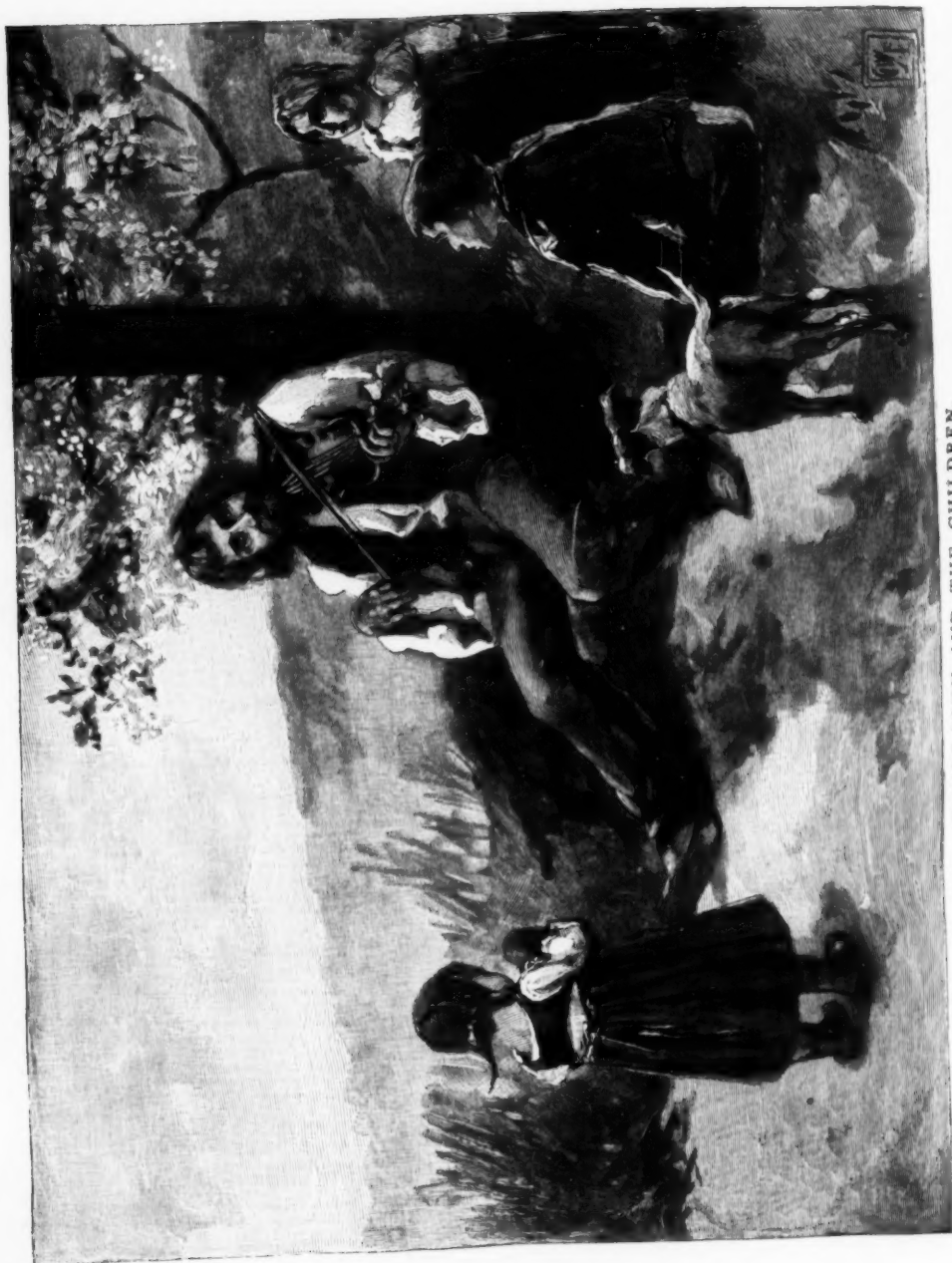
1. Take a loud sound from removing a cause to a higher court and leave mocking. 2. Take to presage from habitations and leave a Roman weight. 3. Take a serpent from holding fast and leave to adhere. 4. Take a number from to intensify and leave a fowl. 5. Take beyond from treating with contempt and leave to throw. 6. Take a spike of corn from cut and leave a hut. GILBERT FORREST.

PECULIAR DIAGONALS.

EACH of the eleven following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form one word. When these eleven words are placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, beginning with the first letter of the first word and ending with the last letter of the last word, will spell two words often heard at this season of the year. The diagonals, beginning with the first letter of the second word and ending with next to the last letter of the last word, will spell two more words often heard on Decoration Day.

1. MAREUGITHRM.
2. TRAPNODHEHE.
3. NANTERSTORM.
4. THRONDGLOSS.
5. DRAINEEPROD.
6. IHUNGOTWIGE.
7. SOVILANBRAG.
8. SHUNDEBLASE.
9. NEDLEYFUNG.
10. NEXTIMILLAL.
11. GRAMYCOTDIE.

COUSIN FRANK.



FIDDLE-JOHN AND THE CHILDREN.